THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XVIII — New York, Friday, May 5, 1933 — Number 1

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Previous issues of The Commonweal are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1933, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single copies: $.10.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

WE HAVE launched an appeal for help. This was done in complete awareness of the times, which have been borne home to us as to everybody else. Not a day goes by but brings to this office some pitiable appeal for charity, or some invitation to aid in good work being done to awaken the American conscience. If none the less we have boldly asked our friends to assist in defraying the cost of this venture in Christian journalism, it is because we are honestly thinking of it quite apart from ourselves. Years ago the group of men and women who rallied to the support of what is now The Commonweal were guided by the belief that having been asked to render a service they had been given the opportunity to do so. That this opportunity has been more than just another chance to write and publish we can now assert with some pride. The magazine has expressed the mind of Catholic America, of the friends of Catholic America, without (we feel sure) exclusiveness of any kind. Laity and priests have joined hands. The Commonweal could, no doubt, have been better. But is there anyone who can legitimately doubt that it will have more and finer things to print when Catholics in this country have more and finer things to say?

It is possibly time to let our readers in on a little secret, the divulgence of which at this time seems pertinent. Those who have been associated with the magazine have, all of them, been sorely tempted from time to time to sever their connection with it. The reason, apart from all matters of financial advantage, is this: to a literary man who naturally has ideas he should like to develop or plans he would enjoy carrying out, the steady grind of weekly journalism often seems a killing drain of energy. Exacting a toll of industry and enthusiasm, the editing of a Catholic periodical in particular involves a carefulness which virtually distracts thought from all else. Mistakes are easy to make, but mistakes are never forgotten. Triumphs can be achieved in a minor way, but triumphs are not long remembered.

If in spite of these very natural sentiments the editorial force has "stuck" without, we dare say, any loss of enthusiasm, it is really because the response to the magazine has been so wholly remarkable. There has never been any vast num-

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ber of readers, but the solid band of those who do read has no equal, in all probability, for loyal interest and support. This phenomenon is so extraordinary that it sometimes seems as if what was asked for years ago were being given in an almost mystical way—as if, uniting of hearts and hands having been requested, it were answering the call almost automatically. That the reader may see just a few signs of this, we are quoting brief passages from some of the letters received in answer to the new appeal for funds to remove the indebtedness hovering over the enterprise. These passages have been chosen at random, in order to show the diversity of places and persons upon which the work depends.

An American newspaperman resident in Paris writes: "Let me tell you with what eagerness I await THE COMMONWEAL and with what avidity I read each number. The approximately one hour I devote to this is among the most pleasant and profitable of the day." From a woman in a small New Jersey city comes this: "If I were a millionaire, I would endow your work instead of a hospital and would feel that I had made a greater contribution to the life of the Church in the United States." A prominent Jesuit educator says: "It is a disgrace to us all that THE COMMONWEAL, which fills a place held by no other Catholic paper, should lack support. I am praying that you get your requisite fund and more." A Rochester business man states: "Here's hoping that your appeal for support will receive the generous and far-flung response which your publication so richly deserves." If only there were many more business men of this stamp!

A Connecticut woman writes: "To lose THE COMMONWEAL would, I feel, be a real disaster to the Church in America." From a little rectory in Minnesota comes the following: "I am enclosing my check. Would to Heaven it were more! This check is written on borrowed money. If my bank reopens without loss to depositors, you shall have more. I am a poor assistant priest with dependents. I mention these personal matters only to show how heartily I am with you. Take courage! I promise to say a Mass for the editors and the success of their venture." A professor thinks: "It would be pitiable if one of our much too few influences toward Catholic culture and Catholic Action were permitted to fail at this crucial moment when we seem to be at the crossroads of opportunity or failure."

One New York attorney says: "THE COMMONWEAL must not be allowed to 'fold up.'" Perhaps no letter received is more touching than this from a struggling Western Benedictine abbey: "Gladly would I give more, but I can assure you that the gift is like unto the widow's mite—given from our needs. Our debts are much more than yours, but your cause is so great and the need so urgent that I feel sure Providence will more than repay us for the small gift." From a stenographer, modern manner, in upper New York comes this: "Dear Old-Ironsides Commonweal: I understand that you must be saved within the next two weeks. We can't afford to lose you, so enclosed find my dollar. Now all you need to do is to get 25,999 more. Yours for salvation!" We do not know whether she is a good stenographer, but her mathematics are sound.

A monastery of cloistered nuns writes: "We have always appreciated and supported THE COMMONWEAL to the best of our ability, and would be sorry to have Holy Church deprived of its valuable assistance at this crucial moment. While we dare not hope for the scriptural result of the widow's mite—'she hath put in more than the rest'—yet we do most sincerely trust that the blessing of our Saviour will increase the value of our humble offering a hundredfold." A high-school teacher reports as follows: "This offering is not just currency; it is a symbol of self-sacrifice and denial, for the Seniors who come to me for English have contributed this sum, small though it is, as a result of 'acts' that range from walking home instead of riding to lunch minus the munch of 'potato chips' so alluring to the modern high-school girl."

From St. Paul, a priest-professor writes: "The enclosed check will not help much, but if all of THE COMMONWEAL's many admirers send something we shall be spared the disaster of the passing of our finest Catholic paper." And a New York society woman, whose benefactions are beyond number, states: "The ceasing of THE COMMONWEAL would be indeed a calamity. I have read each number since the first, and have given many subscriptions away, which shows not only how much I enjoy the weekly, but how I realize the great need of so ably edited a paper, the only one I know which can be enjoyed by Catholics and non-Catholics." From far-off Texas—that is, far off from the vantage point of a New York sky-scraper—comes this: "It is unthinkable that the reading Catholics of America will not gladly come to the aid of our foremost publication—one that our intelligent Protestant friends now turn to for dependable information, and one that we cannot do without."

That must suffice. It would be possible to quote page after page more. But this random selection of passages from letters which accompanied donations will let everyone see plainly why this magazine has continued to exist and why—God willing—it will continue to carry on. A publication which elicits that kind of response from the hearts of readers is no fly-by-night sheet. It answers to something "deep in the bosom of mankind." It has become something the loss of which must not be conceded.

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WEEK BY WEEK

AS PREDICTED last week, THE COMMONWEAL which reaches you this time is somewhat smaller and more compactly printed. It is our sincere hope that nobody will take these changes too seriously, because after all a bow to the times is quite in order. We confess to having been very fond of our ancient format and typography. As originally designed, they were really a contribution to the art of weekly magazine making. Even so the alterations are, when compared with the savings effected, relatively slight. The amount of material published in this issue is almost the same as that which got into our standard numbers; and we submit that after all a magazine must be judged by its contents. From this point of view no apologies are in order. The wind of composition bloweth where it listeth, and sometimes writing is better than it is at other times. Yet in spite of all we feel that not even a depression has greatly affected the quality of American utterance.

The Altered Commonweal

POSITIVE information concerning recent financial decisions by the Roosevelt government is hard to get. It would seem, however, that what has been done so far amounts to telling the people that inflation has taken the place of conservative objectives. Two weeks ago the President was reported as opposed to tampering with the currency, or at least undecided about doing so. Now he has let it be known clearly that he is prepared to go down the inflationary route as far as necessary. Just how far that is, nobody knows. The country as a whole has been invited to get behind the slogan, "Buy now!" American dollars, we are told, have never been able to purchase more, and they may soon be able to buy much less. If the results come up to fond expectation, prices may advance sufficiently toward the level of 1926 to set in motion something like a revival of business activity. Meanwhile the President's political situation is improved. His own profession of faith in inflation skims the cream off agrarian oratory in Congress, and his decision appears to have given the British and other delvers in low-priced money a real shock. Of course it has also, we may add, given many economists in this country a severe jolt. The nation is virtually informed that fundamental institutional safeguards have been abandoned, and that protection against hazardous experiment must be expected from the President and his corps of experts. Many who have a good deal of admiration for Mr. Roosevelt are nevertheless not wholly prepared to find in him and his associates a substitute for sound banking practice.

Toward Inflation

WE OURSELVES have never been convinced that inflation is either desirable or controllable. Of course that is not the same thing as declaring it unnecessary. In view of the pressure exerted from the West, it seemed obvious that a general reconstruction plan would work too slowly; and in so far as international trade was concerned, a virtual price-cutting war was in progress which demanded on the part of the United States either a fight or a move to restore peace. Under such circumstances it was no doubt politically wise to do what has been done. But we as citizens must not be fooled. It is an entirely different thing to go off the gold standard technically, with resultant drops in the value of our money abroad, and to restabilize the currency at a lower level. The mere thought of restabilizing creates a panic in the breast of the average Frenchman who lived through the period of 1919-1925. In so far as Britain is concerned, no very tangible advantages have followed the drop in the value of the pound; and the unemployment and trade position of England is pretty much what it was. Mr. Walter Lippmann believes that going off the gold standard saved the British from many of the troubles which came to Germany as a consequence of hard-fisted deflationary measures. This we permit ourselves to doubt. Of course deflation is a bitter medicine, too. But one can always be sure that nobody will take more of it than is absolutely necessary, whereas the syrup in which the powder of inflation is concealed tastes so sweet as to prove tempting.

The Tide Rises

WHETHER or not religion is waning, symposia on the subject certainly are not. For the most part, it is true, these testimonials have only a subjective or psychological bearing, as Father Knox demonstrated so entertainingly by analyzing the "confessions of faith" of various unorthodox *eminentissimos* who recently contributed to such a symposium in a London paper. But though there may be more of the confessional than of the religious in the usual approach to this matter of the mind that loves to call itself "untrammeled by outworn creeds," more objective appraisals are possible—and when they do occur, are correspondingly valuable. Under the now familiar title, "Is Religion Dying in the World?", the current *Cosmopolitan* presents a really interesting collection of observations, mainly (one gathers) by journalists and publicists of no strict affiliations, who have tried to note carefully the present manifestations of the religious consciousness in eight great national groups —America, Germany, Russia, the Orient, France, England, Italy, India. The personal bias of the writers, though discernible here and there, has been honestly minimized, and the result is a datum

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whose cumulative purport will be incredible to many, in spite of the signs of the last few years.

AS TO China, Japan and India, the finding is that the indigenous religions are still flourishing beneath disturbed political and social surfaces. But, as to the Western world: with a reservation for America, where all the existing religions are seen to be vigorous, in the face of fears to the contrary; for Russia, where Mr. Duranty finds Bolshevism to be a real and dominating religion; and for Germany, where Mr. Karl von Wiegand notes the unhappy fact that not so much the loss of faith as the government-collected religious tax has driven half a million Catholics and two and a half million Protestants to cancel their affiliations in the hard times since 1919—with these reservations, there remains overwhelming testimony to an enormous increase in the numbers and vitality of Catholicism. M. André Maurois notes this of France. The separation of Church and State, which at first worked hardship, now has brought about universal acceptance of and respect for the clergy; and the advanced social teachings of Catholicism, especially articulate under Pope Pius XI, the increase in vocations, the drift of students and intellectuals into the Church, all tell the same story. In Italy, Mr. Thomas Morgan finds an even more ardent Catholic revivification, with packed churches. And the most striking information of all comes from England. There is a religion-ward drift among most groups, Mr. Arnold Toynbee finds, but the stream of Catholic conversion leads by far. "In the nineteenth century, the main source of the increase of Roman Catholics was . . . Irish immigration. Today, the main source is . . . native-born English and even some Scotch people. . . . The number of conversions per annum is twelve thousand and upward—mostly, I fancy, from the 'upper' class, and largely from 'intellectuals.' . . . The idea of a church that is most attractive to English people today is [one] . . . independent of the state, . . . international in its organization and outlook, and [one] that would promise to give its members that strength which can come only through solidarity and discipline in a great cause."

DIFFERING emphatically with Al Smith on the subject of recognition of Russia, the Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown University, told a large Washington audience that, in this discussion of the relations between the United States and the Soviets, "two civilizations diametrically opposed in their principles, their practices and their objectives come face to face before the supreme tribunal of public opinion in a manner that has no precedent in international relations." The opposition is caused primarily by the determination of Russia to make world-wide propaganda for the doctrine in force there, and in particular to "lead the many millions of the American labor classes into the Revolutionary class battles." Why recognize a government which is dedicated to overthrowal of our institutions? The answers given by those who favor recognition are, according to Father Walsh, chiefly these: trade possibilities, the chance to exert a mollifying influence upon Soviet officials, the potential value of Russian friendship in the Far East and the lack of precedent to justify holding out indefinitely against recognition of a de facto government. Father Walsh dismisses these arguments—dismisses them, we think, far too easily. He holds that the Russian industrial system is bankrupt, that it will trade where it likes regardless of diplomatic arrangements, that it repudiates its obligations, and that the lack of precedent in the matter is due to the simple fact that the case is without precedent.

Father Walsh on Russia

NOW WE submit that Father Walsh may be right about Russia as a trading nation. Perhaps it will be guilty of sharp practice and a disposition to declare itself intermittently bankrupt. We should certainly hesitate to put a penny into any loan to Moscow, and we believe that any American who does so is a fool whom the past ten years have taught nothing. Yet all these points are not arguments which bear upon recognition. If those who want to trade in Russia think that recognition will help them, the existing economic theory of the United States seems to warrant their title to a fair chance at having their will. The real reason why Father Walsh opposes recognition of Soviet Russia is this: he is bitterly and justly opposed to the war upon religion, to the suppression of the fundamental rights of the Christian conscience, which prevail there. He believes that if the government of the United States were to recognize, after fourteen years of silence, a social order guilty of persecution in the worst sense, the effect would be to endorse spiritual tyranny. On that point we are with him. Why should not the issue be fought on that basis? We believe that Christian America would rally to such a standard. A clear and unequivocal statement to this effect would be of immense value, and there is no argument whatever against it.

SOMETHING that is well worth doing, is about to be done. We have been urging it for years and can only say that we are tickled at the prospect and fully believe it will be well done. There is to be a Catholic art show which will give realistic evidence of the Church's position as a generous mother and inspiration of the arts. The Liturgical Arts Society

Catholic Art Show

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has appropriately arranged it. It will have its opening in New York in the exhibition rooms on the second floor of the Architectural League at 115 East 40th Street on May 12, from three to six o'clock. Thereafter the show will be open every day from nine-thirty to five-thirty until June 15. This show is going to be devoted particularly to plans and appurtenances appropriate for small churches. There are many thousand of these to be built in America during the next few years, a number to replace wooden edifices which were temporary. Approximately two-thirds of the exhibition will be work that is being especially executed for it by America's leading craftsmen. Mr. Clarence Mackay is honorary chairman of the exhibition committee and Mr. Maurice Lavanoux acting chairman. Admission will be free. A catalogue published for the Society by Sheed and Ward which will constitute practically a handbook of information on ecclesiastical arts, artists and architects, will be available for $.50 unbound and $1.00 bound. After its showing here, the exhibition will probably travel to leading cities of the United States. At a later date, THE COMMONWEAL will have an article on the show.

New Light on Movies

IT IS reminiscent of the old nursery rhyme beginning, "If everything were upside down and new-laid eggs boiled cooks," to read in the papers that a concourse of men associated with the motion picture industry are publicly counting the large numbers who stay away from picture houses. The eye accustomed to such statements as "Millions have laughed and wept over it" cannot at first quite take in the fact that the Society of Motion Picture Engineers, at their recent New York meeting, discussed a statistical estimate that 55,000,000 intelligent people in the country habitually absent themselves from the movies because the pictures are "below the level of their intelligence." But it is ungracious to stress one's surprise at a phenomenon which even more strongly invites one's approval. Signs of genuine adulthood in the industry, though somewhat overdue, are very welcome, and if this great medium, with its unsurpassed range and flexibility, now begins to be devoted in any considerable degree to really human and grown-up pictures, the past, with its horse operas and superspectacles, will be forgiven, at least by us. A second very promising note struck in the report which we are quoting has to do with child audiences, and their susceptibility to unwholesome details depicted throughout the progress of a picture, rather than to a moral tacked on the end of it. This is the fact which has created almost the whole of the problem of children and pictures, and it is a gain to have it stated clearly in the quarters where its recognition will bear practical fruit.

TRAFFIC ON THE HIGH SEAS

COMING to Washington are various distinguished citizens from abroad. What has induced them to make the trip? Not the scenery. Nor, for the time being, armament. The statesmen of Europe are traveling because they have discovered that they and Mr. Roosevelt are brethren in distress. There is no problem anywhere that is not a problem everywhere. The crust upon which Western society reposes is trembling under the impact of a quake which may produce somewhat different manifestations in varying countries but which is uniformly disturbing and destructive. It does little good to cry out: "Look at what that nation is doing!" One's own beloved land may be accomplishing something just as bad in a few weeks. Yet somehow, even after nearly four years of suffering, people still find it easier to object to others than to coöperate with one another. Ultra-nationalism is merely one form of anarchy, and anarchy is a pleasant doctrine.

Among the many effects of the depression there is none more noticeable than the effect upon work done between nations. To a large extent this work is called "trade." In essence, however, it is an exchange of services. If I purchase a teapot made in Bavaria, I am really asking a Bavarian china manufacturer to make such a teapot for me. If a Danish baker uses wheat grown in the United States, he is really asking an American farmer to grow wheat for him. To use a third example, if an English firm uses capital borrowed in America, it is really asking an American banker to handle a mortgage or credit transaction. The money which enters into all these dealings is only a symbol. And it follows if there is a cessation of international exchange of work over a long period of time, either a great many persons have gone workless or some have been doing nationally what others used to do internationally.

The decline of world trade since 1929 is, to say the least, spectacular. Compare the balance sheet of 1929 with that of 1932, and you find a decline from $68,000,000,000 worth of "work" to about $26,000,000,000 worth. The loss is fairly evenly distributed. Now what does this mean? In the first place we may note the simple truth that few people work for pleasure only. When the farmer grows wheat, or the textile operative makes a bolt of cloth, he does so because he has reason to believe that somebody will want his produce bad enough to pay for it. Of course there may be very nice husbandmen who raise a crop of barley because it is pretty and their friends would like a bushel or two, but to the best of our knowledge the practice is limited. Therefore the world became what it was between 1922 and 1929—the years when world trade was expanding, when more and more was being produced and

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manufactured everywhere because there was an increasing number of people who wanted things badly enough to sign a check for them. To be sure, much of the demand was artificially stimulated. Borrowing money to pay for things (either by means of a loan or on the instalment plan) was merely executing a promise to work in the future. If a Hungarian manufacturer mortgaged his plant to secure money with which to expand his business, he and the lenders were proceeding on the assumption that there would continue to be a profitable demand for the goods he could produce. When a United States citizen purchased a radio on the instalment plan, he believed that his job would last long enough to enable him to earn the amount due. Between 1922 and 1929 there were altogether too many "promises to pay," and far too little distribution of real wealth. Nevertheless the sudden cessation of all lending was just as bad as the unintelligent floating of too many loans.

This cessation of lending is the second aspect of the decline in world trade to affect us all. In 1927 and 1928 foreign loans to the tune of $2,588,000,000 were floated in New York. In 1932, the total amount loaned was $26,000,000. Which means: within the span of four years, Europe's confidence in its future ability to earn dropped almost to the vanishing point, and Latin America had of course followed suit. For most nations a struggle now ensued to remain solvent—to pay off what had been borrowed in the past and so bring back all international trade to a strictly cash basis. The maneuvers incident to this struggle are fairly well known. First came the debate about reparations and war debts. Europe solemnly announced its decision that "promises to pay" issued during the heat of a world-wide conflagration would no longer be honored. It was asserted that these had been based on the belief that German earning power would be sufficient to make good the sums promised; and whereas this belief had been found wrong, there was nothing anybody could do except admit the error. Next came the long series of efforts to "control" exchange and trade. Many nations allowed their currency to drift away from the gold standard, and those which technically adhered to this standard imposed so many restrictions upon exchange that the old, standard definition of money as a freely circulating medium of exchange virtually ceased to exist. As an aid toward the control of credit, tariff policies were inaugurated which no longer had for their object service to a manufacturer but rather constituted a barrier against the drift of credit into the world market. The past two years have seen the debtor nations of Europe wage a fight for life; and it is obvious that if this battle continues much longer, it will lead to serious repudiations of other debts besides those created during the war.

In short, the situation into which we have drifted is pretty much this: that percentage of working energy which between 1922 and 1929 served an expanding international market has found itself without profitable employment; this lack of employment has undermined the value of many promises to pay; and unless the international market to some extent recovers, more promises to pay will have to be ignored. There might be a different story to tell if the World War and its aftermath were not historical realities, but the custom of speculating about "what would have happened if —" does not carry one far. The fact of the matter is that the drying up of world trade and world loans have of necessity precipitated a world-wide revolt of debtor nations against creditor nations. Politically speaking the two groups so completely lack political unity that they do not emerge as hostile units. Again, Great Britain and France are in debt to the United States, though a great part of the rest of the world is in debt to them.

Even so, the fight is on and will be waged to the death unless some way is found of equalizing differences. At bottom the issue is this: a debtor nation mortgages not its property but its future earnings; and unless these earnings are sufficient to provide a margin over and above the minimum requirements of its citizens, no repayment can be made out of them. It cannot buy from others, and it is in no position to repay what it has borrowed. Under such circumstances, all talk of "honor" is futile.

The position in which the United States finds itself is peculiar in so far as it is the chief creditor nation. Everybody owes it money. At the same time it is also a nation with a favorable balance of trade. It sells more than it buys. Yet neither of these two facts would be decisive if the sums involved were not so enormous. The really determining factor is that Europe and the United States are equals. As a result we find ourselves with the choice between ceasing to be a creditor nation and becoming a buying nation. We can cross off the sums due us abroad and charge up the investment to hard luck. Or we can take something else in exchange for gold. In all probability the right decision will probably lie about midway between these extremes, wise statesmanship proposing both debt concessions and tariff reductions. At any rate it is clear that forcing our debtors to the wall would not merely destroy a huge portion of our wealth but would also dry up a large share of the trade upon which our own industrial future depends. We ourselves do not believe that looking about for instruments with which to continue profitably the internecine strife which is now devastating world trade will help to solve anything. Currency battles may be tactically necessary, but their strategy is futile. Peace alone can rebuild.

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IRELAND

By DIARMAID Ó CRUADHLAOICH

Some time ago, the Reverend John A. Ryan discussed the background of current Irish politics, especially the annuities, in two articles which evoked a great deal of discussion. It was felt that our columns should also be opened to a spokesman for the other side—one whose authority to speak could not be questioned. Such a man has been found, we believe, in Judge Ó Cruadhlaoich (Crowley), whose participation in Irish affairs extends over many years. Our own views of the problem are not involved.—The Editors.

WITH the results of the elections in the Irish Free State a new chapter has commenced in the relations of Ireland with Great Britain. How the chapter will end, it would be unwise to prophesy; it will be more profitable to consider the existing situation. The British government made a grave miscalculation in believing that the tariff war would frighten the farmers of the Free State, as well as the workers in the towns and cities, into voting, at the first opportunity, against the Fianna Fail government, and that Mr. Cosgrave's party would be restored to office for at least another five years, and perhaps for a generation. It was Mr. Blythe, Minister for Finance in the Cosgrave administration since 1923, who had first suggested to the British the idea of a tariff on Free State agricultural produce. In a speech at Clonmel a couple of years ago he said that if the land annuities were not paid to the British Treasury, the British Parliament could easily impose a special tax of a couple of pounds per head on the farmers' live stock exported to England. The farmers of County Monaghan have now sent Mr. Blythe into retirement. The British government, too, will probably be slow to adopt any more of Mr. Blythe's suggestions.

Mr. Cosgrave's party has been condemned by the workers on the land and in the cities and towns. But that is not all. Mr. Hayes had been speaker of the Dail for ten years. Now, the graduates of the National University have sent him into retirement with Mr. Blythe.

Many readers of THE COMMONWEAL were probably surprised at those electoral results. They had been led to expect something very different from two articles, published on September 28 and October 5, from the pen of Reverend John A. Ryan, professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America. He had spent eleven days in Ireland during July and August, and, on his return to America, wrote:

> My own guess is that by the beginning of October a very grave crisis will have arisen in the industrial life of the Free State. a crisis with which Mr. De Valera will be unable to deal. . . . Will the sober sense of the Irish people assert itself and by constitutional methods put an end to the disastrous rule of abstract dreams and incompetent politicians?

Mr. De Valera and his colleagues were not only "incompetent politicians"; their "economic incompetence" was equally clear to the reverend professor. He, however, did not lose hope. Of Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues he wrote as follows:

> Some very prominent members of the late Cosgrave Cabinet take no pains to conceal their contempt for the intellectual processes of Mr. De Valera and for the intelligence of certain members of his Cabinet. Those men who constituted the Cosgrave Cabinet do, indeed, possess unusual ability and competence.

The Irish people have had eleven years' (as against Dr. Ryan's eleven days') experience of this "unusual ability and competence" and, after eleven months' trial of Fianna Fail in office, they preferred the Fianna Fail "incompetence."

The Fianna Fail government cannot now be dislodged for five years. Will the British government continue the tariff war during that period, or open new negotiations for a settlement? The word "settlement" calls to mind a very remarkable thing that happened during the elections. But to understand this, a few words are needed to explain what the dispute about the land annuities is.

Between the years 1885 and 1920 the government of the United Kingdom lent money to the Irish farmers to enable them to buy their farms from the landlords. The farmers agreed to repay the loan with interest to the government. These payments were made annually, and are, in consequence, called annuities. For the Free State area they amount to about £3,000,000 a year. For the other six counties they are a little less than £700,000.

In December, 1918, the British Parliament was dissolved and elections were held for the House of Commons. In Ireland the elections were fought on the question of establishing a republic. Three-fourths of the members elected in Ireland were Republicans, and, on January 21, 1919, they met in Dublin, proclaimed the independence of Ireland, and proceeded to establish departments of state. Those departments proceeded to function. Litigants left the British courts and had their cases tried in the Republican courts. The County Councils and District Coun-

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cils refused to recognize the British Local Government Board, and gave allegiance solely to the Republican Department established to direct those Councils and to control their officials. There was a Republican police force to maintain order, and a Republican army to fight the British troops.

The British government saw that the Irish people would no longer tolerate legislation from Westminster. Either the population should be exterminated or some kind of Parliament and government would have to be established on Irish soil. Accordingly, the British Parliament passed the Home Rule Act of 1920, establishing a Parliament and government at Dublin and another at Belfast. The Act became law on December 23, 1920. The British hoped that, when the Act was put in operation, most of the people would abandon the republic.

These new governments at Dublin and Belfast could not be established or carried on without expense. The Home Rule Act made provision for the cost. Amongst other provisions, Section 26 of the Act converted the land annuities into public revenue for Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland. Here are the words of the section:

> Purchase annuities payable in respect of land situate in Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland respectively (including any arrears due or accruing due on the appointed day) shall be collected by the governments of Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland, and the amounts so collected shall be paid into their respective Exchequers.

Then Section 20 enacted as follows:

> (1) There shall be an Exchequer and Consolidated Fund of Southern Ireland and an Exchequer and Consolidated Fund for Northern Ireland separate from one another and from those of the United Kingdom.
>
> (2) All sums paid into the Exchequer of Southern Ireland and the Exchequer of Northern Ireland shall form the Consolidated Fund of Southern Ireland and the Consolidated Fund of Northern Ireland respectively, and . . . all such sums shall be appropriated to the public service of Southern Ireland or Northern Ireland, as the case may be, by Act of the Parliament of Southern Ireland or Northern Ireland, and shall not be applied for any purpose for which they are not so appropriated.

Section 73 enacted that the act should come into operation on the "appointed day," and further enacted that the "appointed day" should be August 2, 1921, unless the King in Council appointed some other day not more than seven months earlier or later than August 2, 1921. Within those limits the King was free to appoint different dates for different provisions of the Act. If he fixed no date, August 2, 1921, was and remained the "appointed day." The King in Council fixed November 22, 1921 as the "appointed day" for entitling the government of Northern Ireland to collect the land annuities as part of its revenue. That was a fortnight before the treaty was signed. Since that date (November 22, 1921) the Minister for Finance at Belfast has collected the land annuities and has spent them in defraying the costs of government in the Six Counties.

The King in Council fixed no date for the collection of the annuities by the government of Southern Ireland. Accordingly, on August 2, 1921, the government of Southern Ireland became entitled to the annuities as part of its revenue. That was four months before the treaty was signed.

In the treaty there is no mention of the annuities. They had been converted by Act of Parliament into revenue for Southern Ireland. The treaty does not mention the income tax, or the taxes on whisky, beer, tobacco, etc. All these sources of revenue had been created by Acts of Parliament, like the land annuities. It was not necessary to mention any of them in the treaty.

Article 2 of the treaty gave the Free State, when established, the constitutional position of Canada. The Canadian Constitution was enacted by the British Parliament in 1867. Canada has never paid any part of its revenue to the British government. Why should the Free State do so?

The Free State could not be established in a few hours. Time was required to prepare a Constitution, and when prepared, to get it enacted as law by both Houses of the British Parliament, with the King's assent. Article 17 of the treaty allowed one year for all that, but Southern Ireland had to be governed somehow during that year. The British would not recognize the Republican government. What other law existed at the date of the treaty for the government of Southern Ireland? The Home Rule Act of 1920 existed. It was in full operation in Northern Ireland; it was in partial operation in Southern Ireland. Section 37 of the Act had been availed of to appoint a Catholic (Lord FitzAlan) as Lord Lieutenant, the first such appointment since the time of James II. Under other sections, and by virtue of Orders in Council made thereunder, new constituencies had been created, and registers of electors prepared, for the election of members to the House of Commons of Southern Ireland. The elections had taken place, and the full number of members had been elected. The Senate was partly nominated and partly elected. The first meeting of both Houses had been held on June 28, 1921, at Dublin. On October 1 following (ten weeks before the treaty was signed) new Courts of Justice—Courts of Appeal, High Court and County Courts—had been established under the act in Southern Ireland. The old judges were

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given the choice of accepting positions in Southern Ireland or in Northern Ireland.

That was the position at the time Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues drafted the treaty. Here are the words of Article 17:

> By way of provisional arrangement for the administration of Southern Ireland during the interval which must elapse between the date hereof and the constitution of a Parliament and government of the Irish Free State in accordance therewith, steps shall be taken forthwith for summoning a meeting of members of Parliament elected for constituencies in Southern Ireland since the passing of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and for constituting a provisional government, and the British government shall take the steps necessary to transfer to such provisional government the powers and machinery requisite for the discharge of its duties, provided that every member of such provisional governments shall have signified in writing his or her acceptance of this instrument. But this arrangement shall not continue beyond the expiration of twelve months from the date hereof.

Let us consider the following words: "Steps shall be taken forthwith (1) for summoning a meeting of members of Parliament selected for constituencies . . . and (2) for constituting a provisional government." It was not the Parliament, or even the House of Commons, of Southern Ireland that was to be summoned; it was merely a meeting of members of Parliament elected for constituencies. Why was that? Simply because the members had disabled themselves from functioning as a House of Commons—they had failed to take the Oath of Allegiance within the time prescribed by Section 72 of the Act. They are properly described as members of Parliament, because the Parliament had not been dissolved and, though their refusal to take the oath had disabled them from functioning, they still remained members of the House of Commons of Southern Ireland. The British government wanted them to meet, not as a legislative body, but as a purely political assembly, to give popular approval to the treaty.

Next, let us consider who was to take the steps for constituting a provisional government. The British draftsmen obviously meant someone invested with legal authority (in the British sense) to do so; they never intended that any man in the street could set up a provisional government. They intended to transfer the "powers and machinery" to a lawfully constituted government, and to no other.

Eight days after the treaty had been signed, Mr. Lloyd George made the following statement in the House of Commons:

> We therefore propose that a provisional government should be set up with such powers as are now vested in the crown. That government must represent the existing majority of Irish representatives.

The King, therefore, had power to establish a provisional government in Southern Ireland. And, in fact, he had been given such power in Section 72 of the Act of 1920. In the events that had happened concerning the oath, the King was authorized by Section 72 to govern Southern Ireland as a Crown Colony for a period not exceeding three years. For the exercise of his executive power he was authorized to appoint the Lord Lieutenant with a committee to assist him. For the exercise of the legislative power, he could dissolve the existing Parliament and then nominate a legislature.

Mr. Lloyd George, however, said that the provisional government should represent the existing majority of Irish representatives. That could be done by advising the King to nominate to the Crown Colony legislature all the members who had been already elected by the people.

In drafting Article 17 of the treaty, therefore, the British signatories meant that the provisional government was to be established by virtue of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920. The provisional government was, accordingly, entitled to every source of revenue provided by the Act of 1920. The land annuities were part of the revenue of the provisional government by the same sections of the act under which the Minister of Finance at Belfast was collecting and spending them in the administration of the Six Counties.

Mr. Cosgrave and his lawyers admit that most of the Act of 1920 was in actual operation in Southern Ireland. His lawyers could not deny it, because they had practised their profession in the courts established by the Act. They say, however, that the financial provisions of the Act were never put into operation for Southern Ireland. Reverend Professor Ryan repeats that opinion in THE COMMONWEAL of November 2, and, in support of it, distorts or rather perverts the sense of Section 73 of the Act.

The British government have adopted the contention of Mr. Cosgrave and Dr. Ryan in regard to the financial provisions of the Act of 1920: but they do so with hesitation. In their Memorandum of October 15, 1932, they say:

> The financial provisions of the Act of 1920 did not, the United Kingdom representatives are advised, ever come into force as regards Southern Ireland.

Who gave them that advice? When Mr. De Valera and his colleagues were at London discussing the matter with Sir Thomas Inskip (Attorney-General), Sir John Simon (ex-Attorney-Gen-

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eral), etc., etc., these British Ministers had before them on the table copies of the pamphlet written by Mr. Cosgrave's lawyers.

You cannot put any part of an Act of Parliament into operation without expense. It is admitted that most of the Act of 1920 was in operation in Southern Ireland. From what source did the government of Southern Ireland obtain money to pay the cost? The revenue of the provisional government must have been authorized by an act of the British Parliament, because the so-called "Provisional Parliament" imposed no tax whatever and created no source of revenue. Those who assert that the financial provisions of the Act of 1920 were never in operation are bound to produce some other act of the British Parliament that did make provision for supplying the provisional government with revenue. Mr. Cosgrave's lawyers have not told us of any such act, the British government have not told us, and Dr. Ryan has not told us.

Dr. Ryan repeats in THE COMMONWEAL of November 2 that he had already written in an earlier number, that "the Act of 1920 was never accepted by the authorized representatives of Southern Ireland." Who were those "authorized representatives," what were they "authorized" to do, and who "authorized" them to do it? Was there a section in the Act of 1920 "authorizing" some person or persons to prevent the Act being put in operation? Dr. Ryan admits, at least implicitly, that the whole Act, with the exception of the financial provisions, was, in fact, in operation; so that his "authorized representatives," apparently, accepted everything except the money. I have never heard that the Irish people authorized anybody to accept the kicks and refuse the halfpence of any British statute.

All the members of the provisional government, however (Messrs. Cosgrave, O'Higgins, etc.) did accept the Act of 1920 in the most explicit manner by an agreement in writing made by them with the British government at the Colonial Office, London, on January 24, 1922, when they had been appointed only ten days. This agreement contained forty-nine articles, and the first article was as follows:

> That the Lord Lieutenant be instructed to act on the advice of the Irish Ministers in respect of questions relating to the dissolution of the Parliament of Southern Ireland, and of all other non-departmental questions, and in respect of each department from the date of its formal transfer to the control of an Irish Minister.

It was by virtue of the Act of 1920 that the Parliament of Southern Ireland had been established, and that the Lord Lieutenant had been appointed; and it was by virtue of the same act that the departments referred to had been created and staffed. Did those departments cost anything? What law authorized the raising of revenue for the Southern Ireland Exchequer?

Now, by Article 42 of that same agreement the "Irish Ministers" agreed to collect the land annuities and to pay over the proceeds of the collection to the British Exchequer!

It was an illegal agreement, and every illegal agreement is invalid. It was made in breach of the law. It was kept a close secret for a year and half. In July, 1933, it was published by the British Stationery Office. It has never been published by the Free State government. The British government have never mentioned it in their controversy over the land annuities. It is on a later agreement, made on February 12, 1923, that the British government claims the annuities. This later agreement was just as illegal and invalid as the first one. The first was a breach of the Act of 1920 and of Article 17 of the treaty. The second was a breach of Article 2 of the treaty. Is it any wonder both were kept secret as long as possible?

When, during the recent electoral campaign, Mr. Cosgrave found public opinion against him, he offered the farmers a bribe for their votes. The curious thing is that England was to pay the bribe. Mr. Cosgrave has always contended that the land annuities belong to the British government, and that his own administration, from 1922 to 1932, collected those debts merely as agents. During the recent elections he promised that, if restored to office, he would cancel the annuities for two years, and afterwards collect from the farmers only half of the amount due to England. Here are his own words published with great prominence in the *Irish Independent,* a newspaper that has always been his ardent supporter:

> Cumann na nGaedheal (Mr. Cosgrave's party) promised that . . . because the economic war had cost the farmers the amount of two years' annuities, they would not collect the annuities for two years, and at the end of that two years they would only collect half the annuities.

Had Mr. Cosgrave been negotiating secretly with the British government behind the backs of the Free State Cabinet, and did the British government authorize him to make that promise? An agent, without the sanction of his principal, cannot cancel the debt which he is appointed to collect. If the British government had not authorized the promise, Mr. Cosgrave knew that he could not fulfil it, without continuing the present quarrel with Great Britain (which he condemns). Would he quarrel with England for half the annuities, but not for the whole of them? And while the quarrel (tariff war) went on, would he publicly confess that he was an embezzling agent, but take credit for the fact that he embezzled only half as much as Mr. De Valera?

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THE NEW DEAL IN ACTION

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THERE is evolution in Washington these days, so rapid in its development and so far-reaching in its scope that many superficial observers have been inclined to think it should be called revolution. But those observers are wrong; they have fallen into the common error of confusing form with substance. They see the exercise of traditional functions of the federal government carried on through new agencies, and they conclude that they see new functions. But, in fact, there has been no usurpation of powers, no violence to constitutional principles. What has happened and what is still happening is merely an overhauling of machinery—or, perhaps, the installation of new and presumably improved machinery.

Startling developments tumbled one over the other so rapidly during the first few weeks of the Rooseveltian "new deal" that it was difficult to appreciate underlying principles. It was the old illustration of the trees concealing the forest. In all grim reality Washington has been witnessing what may turn out to be the last and greatest battle of the democratic theory of government to demonstrate its fitness in the face of any emergency.

The Roosevelt administration took over the reins in an epidemic of dictatorships—dictatorships openly avowed in Italy, Russia and Germany; dictatorships thinly disguised in Spain, Great Britain and several of the minor nations of Europe. In all of these other nations the democratic formula had been tried and found wanting in stamina to withstand post-war strains. The question to be decided was whether the United States, pioneer and premier exponent of the modern democratic principle, was to follow the trail backward blazed by others. Was it to be that the World War, universally hailed as marking the twilight of the kings, had in reality generated forces destined to destroy democracy also? These questions have not been answered with certainty, but it is a certainty that, so far, there is no reason for believing that democracy in the United States has failed.

On the contrary, the American democracy has merely made use of new instruments of its own fabrication and, in many instances, the instruments are not new at all; they have merely been taken out of the storehouse and refurbished. It is true, of course, that President Roosevelt has been given broader powers than those exercised by any other American President save in time of war. But it is important to remember that these powers have been given to him; he did not seize them. Furthermore, they can be taken away from him by Congress which must be assumed to represent the people.

Dictatorship is a word very loosely used of late. It is necessary to specify what kind of a dictatorship is meant. The outstanding European dictatorships rest upon force; they are real dictatorships. But the delegation of power to a public official to do a particular job within specified limitations is something else. It is analogous to commissioning an engineer to build a bridge and giving him carte blanche as to details. So-called dictatorships of the latter character are by no means unknown to or incongruous with democratic government. The ancient Roman Republic, many centuries before the Christian era, frequently resorted to dictatorships for specified periods and for particular purposes.

But just what are the so-called dictatorial powers which Mr. Roosevelt has asked for and, to a large extent, received?

His dramatic proclamation of the banking holiday was based on a law passed during the Wilson administration to conserve the nation's supply of gold. The powers exercised by Mr. Roosevelt in this proclamation were subsequently approved by Congress in the emergency banking act, but, in the opinion of many eminent legal lights of the present and past administrations, there was no need for such congressional ratification. Out of the emergency banking act the President derived two grants of power: to name "conservators" for banks not deemed strong enough to reopen on an unrestricted basis, and authority for an expansion of currency. The first contemplates nothing more revolutionary than the addition of a modicum of sanity to the traditional procedure with respect to bankruptcy or insolvency cases. As for the authorized expansion of the currency, there was certainly nothing unprecedented about that; it has been done many times before. So there are no new delegations of dictatorial power in the banking bill.

Turning to the much discussed economy bill, authorizing the President to slice approximately $500,000,000 a year from the gratuities of veterans and the salaries of federal employes, it will be found that it is radical only because the nation had grown used to the notion that Congress never would do anything effective toward balancing the budget. Congress didn't; it delegated that unwelcome task to Mr. Roosevelt, at his instance to be sure, but none the less to the secret joy of nine out of ten members of the House and Senate, including some of the most vociferous opponents of

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the bill. Congress, composed of human beings, is always delighted to find someone else to do its laundry. In its reputed wisdom, Congress had gone on merrily for years authorizing officials of the veterans' administration to put ex-soldiers on the public pay roll for such a wide variety of reasons that it was an unimaginative veteran indeed who could not figure out some convincing argument why he should be included. Now, having piled up an annual burden of nearly a billion dollars through this generosity with the national deficit, Congress has authorized another and a much more responsible official—the President—to take some of these same veterans off the pay roll. That is about all there is to the economy bill so far as the veterans are concerned.

With respect to the prospective slash in federal employees' compensation, there is seen less ground for the dictatorship argument. The President is the head of the executive branch of the federal government. To be technical, he is the executive branch. Everyone else in the federal executive establishment, from Cabinet minister down to the lowliest messenger or charwoman, is an assistant to the President. There is certainly nothing revolutionary or radical in a proposal to allow the executive head of any organization to fix the compensation of his own subordinates within prescribed limits. Congress, the legislative branch, has always fixed the salaries of its employees, and in many instances the House or Senate alone, out of their respective contingent funds, has fixed the salaries of special employees without reference to the other House.

The beer bill, the third item on the President's emergency program presented during the first few days of the special session, of course, contained nothing savoring of dictatorship. It merely carried out a party campaign pledge and a popular mandate which should have been heeded during the preceding session—and the failure to act upon which cost the government about $400,000 per day for every day of unnecessary inaction.

As this is written, the ultimate fate of the administration's farm relief bill is still undetermined. In the form in which it was sent to Congress it came much nearer to the dictatorial idea than any of the other legislation, but it did not propose that the government should do anything for agriculture that has not been done for business—the difference being that it proposed the suggested benefits should be extended through the executive within limits prescribed by the Congress instead of being conferred in detail by Congress. It was avowedly a bill to raise prices, increase the compensation of the farmer for his labor, and to preserve the domestic market for domestic production. That is, it was designed to do exactly the same things for agriculture that have been done for the manufacturing industries since the first protective tariff bill was enacted. Furthermore, it proposed to do these things by taxes, by "taking away from one to give to another" as the opponents phrased it; which is another parallel to every tariff bill in history.

In this connection it must not be forgotten that the idea of vesting the executive with delegated authority to levy taxes did not originate with the Roosevelt farm relief bill. It became an established practice of undoubted constitutionality when the Supreme Court upheld the flexible tariff clause of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act. In the one case Congress said the President might raise or lower tariff duties by as much as 50 per cent; in the present case it was asked that the President be authorized to levy processing taxes to the extent required to raise agricultural price levels by a specified amount. There was a definite limit in either case, just as there was a power to levy taxes, "to take from one to give to another," in both instances. So, after all, there was nothing so revolutionary in the farm bill.

What then is this new deal of which so much is heard? The answer is brief: the new deal is President Roosevelt himself. Justifiably or not, as time will tell, he has captured the imagination of the nation to an extent not approximated since the days of George Washington. Lincoln had no such universal approval even in that part of the nation which was not in actual secession; nor did Wilson even in the heyday of his popularity and power. There were vocal and powerful malcontents in 1861-1865, just as in 1917-1918.

But when before in history was any public official applauded for closing banks, for levying taxes (beer and farm relief), for cutting salaries and pensions? The answer to those questions is another question; namely, what other President has ever wrung from Congress a public admission that it was either too cowardly or too ignorant to perform the duties which its own members almost unanimously declare must be performed? A man who can do that, as Mr. Roosevelt did with his economy bill, need not be surprised if the nation expects him to work miracles: to reconstruct the financial system, to give jobs to the jobless, to restore foreign trade, to solve the perennial riddle of agriculture, to save overmortgaged homes and farms.

There is something of a religious fervor in the nation's confidence in President Roosevelt, and like a great religious ground-swell it is inexplicable on strictly rational grounds. But it is there, none the less, and it is the most powerful force in the United States today. The new President is envisaged as a near supernatural being who will protect the righteous, correct wrongs and punish wrongdoers. Perhaps, not the least element in his popular appeal was produced from the arrests of several erstwhile demi-gods of finance during

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his first two weeks in office. Time will tell whether or not they will be adjudged guilty of the offenses charged. But the mere fact that the arrests were made brought reassurance and renewed confidence to those who have sometimes thought that the traditional blindness of Justice has sometimes prevented that goddess from seeing that her scales were thrown out of balance by gold. Apparently the new deal was not to be made with stacked cards.

Perhaps, that is why after all there is something like a dictatorship in the United States today—a dictatorship that has not been legalized by Congress nor usurped by the President, a purely psychological dictatorship, the spontaneous product of the minds of 120,000,000 human beings who, for the time being at least, believe they have a guide who will not lead them astray.

Probably, there is a moral to be drawn from the present amazing situation, a moral pointing to a fact so obvious that it is often overlooked. A man who is elected to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority of the millions of voters throughout the nation is certainly as authentic an agent of democratic governments as a congressman representing a few thousand voters and a few thousand jack rabbits and rattlesnakes. By the very nature of his office the President is compelled to place the general welfare of the nation first, particularly if he hopes for reëlection. On the other hand, it might conceivably happen that the all-absorbing interest of an individual congressman was obtaining an appropriation for a new crossroads post office or the paving of some local creek. Such things are not unknown.

It is a wise democracy which, in times of stress, has judgment enough to utilize its most efficient servant—otherwise, it may find a master.

GOOD NEWS FROM PITTSBURGH

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THERE can no longer be serious question that a profound social revolution is going on in the United States, as in the rest of the world, transforming not merely our economic structure but also many of the fundamental axioms on which that structure has been built. It is also transforming many of the moral and ethical principles which underlay the economic system (as the ideas of an architect underlie not only the building he designs, but also the drawings by which the contractors who erect the building are guided). In the midst of the multitudinous events of this revolution it is difficult to recognize the really significant happenings. The screaming head-lines of tremendous news reports run from margin to margin of the front pages of all the daily (and hourly) journals of the land. The biggest and blackest, or reddest, type seems feeble and inadequate—as indeed it is—to express the momentous proclamations of the President, as he grapples so strongly and daringly with our national crisis, and with the war news from China, and South America, the revolution in Germany, and so many other world-shaking events. And behind the shrieking pages of the press, the voices of a multitude of radio news announcers are incessantly pouring forth cataracts of language, floods of information, Niagaras of exhortation—to say nothing (for indeed what can be said?) about the speeches and addresses and lectures and debates of a host of clergymen, politicians, financial experts (God save the mark!), business leaders (to what have they lead us?), and (when they are "prominent persons") their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. "Interviews," "Statements," "Resolutions," "Special Legislation," "Petitions" (to the President, or to Governor This, That, or the Other One), "Conferences," "Plans," "Surveys"—all the paraphernalia of publicity is working at highest pressure.

Under such circumstances, how may a journalist best choose items from this enormous mass of news which possess any real importance—even when his task is simplified (as it is for this paper) by the fact that it is not his job to record this maelstrom but rather to comment upon its progress and its possible outcome? Well, the question may seem unanswerable, but there is (thank God!) an answer. Not through any superiority of journalistic acumen are we of this review enabled to ignore much of the unessential phenomena of this time of revolution and to seize upon what is important, but because we are guided by principles rather than by our personal opinions, because our principles are fixed and ultimate principles—the principles derived from the realities and truths taught by the Church of God—it is possible for us to know when something happens which is radically significant.

Such an event has occurred. If we fail to convey to our readers an adequate commentary on its vital value, its significant character, and the great hope that it should inspire, the fault will be in our feeble powers of expression. For we of this review, although not aided by the resources of a world-wide news-gathering agency, like our confrères of the secular press, or our Jewish brothers with their admirable Jewish Telegraphic Agency,

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nevertheless do not lack our own sources of information. From many quarters we receive first-hand reports of news events. Not so many of them, of course, and not by cable, or wireless, or telegraph; not from the mighty news-gathering associations which cover the whole world with an intricate network of the agencies of communications. Our news comes from volunteer sources—from friends scattered in many places who write letters to us giving us counsel, or suggestions, or information. All this material is as truly related to the news, however, as is the stuff pouring into and out of the daily newspaper offices from the battle-fields of Manchuria or of South America, the chancelleries of the world capitals, the anterooms of the world dictators (the Stalins, Mussolinis, Hitlers, Mustapha Kemals), the distracted parliaments of the bewildered democracies of the world, the stock exchanges, the police courts, the markets, the counting-houses, and all the other innumerable focal points of the news of the world. But the news that we receive is of another sort. It is indeed related to this secular world, in which we are all now acting in a mighty drama which future history will record as one of the main turning points in humanity's progress through the ages toward the end decreed by Providence. But it is news from another and higher world—the world of the spirit, which interpenetrates the world of material and secular affairs. It is the real news; the good news; the glad tidings, which the Church exists to spread in this world, but it comes from beyond the world—it is the news of the unchanging Kingdom of God, which is spread by so many channels throughout the changing and dissolving kingdoms and republics of men. Sometimes it is a missionary bishop who writes from somewhere in China, or the Philippines, or Africa—telling us something about what his priests, or nuns, or doctors or catechists are doing to bring the charity of Christ to the lepers, or to starving women and children; charity not only for their suffering bodies but also for their hungry and homeless souls. Again, it will be a nun, sometimes in a school, telling us about some new way of inspiring young people to read better books; and that, too, is the working of true charity. Or it will be some layman, or lay woman, who proposes some new idea or plan for Catholic Action; and Catholic Action is charity. On the present occasion it is a priest in Pittsburgh, Father James M. Delaney, spiritual director of the Holy Name Society. And he writes:

> You little know how grateful I am for the enthusiasm you display anent the "Day of Recollection" by the Pittsburgh priests. The Pittsburgh papers (Catholic) took cognizance of the activity by giving it space on their front page. That will help materially in gathering up a score of others in the diocese. I was with Bishop Boyle again this morning when we discussed the project at length. The Bishop by nature does not enthuse over these matters, but in this affair one "might light a match off his face" as the Irish say. He actually beams in satisfaction as he talks about it. This morning he gave me permission to have the Blessed Sacrament publicly exposed on this day even if "there are only three or four priests attending."
>
> I really have no worry or anxiety about numbers for the future. You will recall that I merely sat at the telephone, called about twenty, received an enthusiastic response from sixteen, and all were present with a holy enthusiasm that surpassed anything I had anticipated. From twelve-thirty to one p.m. they held a business session to discuss what plan they would follow. To my amazement, one priest immediately spoke his mind in this fashion: "I move you, Reverend Chairman, that this Day of Recollection be conducted in absolute silence." That motion was neither seconded nor put to a vote. The "aye" that came from each throat proved conclusively that they really meant business. The Bishop told me this morning that he has been sounding out the priests all week while conducting a Confirmation tour. It seems the news of the activity has reached the farthest parts of the diocese. Bishop Boyle reports that in every center, he was met with every possible question, or request for information about the Day of Recollection.
>
> I have already explained to you my motive for requesting comment in your valuable review. Getting the thought before the minds of bishops and priests means so much for God and country. You see, I am convinced that present-day sadness is direct from the Hand of God. I am unshaken in that conviction. "I will scourge thee to thy knees" is a Divine utterance. Men may refuse to go on their knees in acknowledging a Supreme Power, and when they do so refuse, only an Infinite Father can put them there. That He is doing so is beyond question. What a stimulus to prayer and love and humility on the part of the new President last Saturday! That alone did more for the United States than Congress or Cabinet can ever hope to do. for it turned men's minds to God if only for a short time. Pardon me for "holding forth." You have enthused me considerably. I will not forget THE COMMONWEAL when we assemble on the first Tuesday of April. May God bless you and give wings to your words and heavenliness to your thoughts; may the Virgin Mother, lover of priests, guide your mind and heart as you write.

Pittsburgh! Silence in Pittsburgh!

When my lawful occasions have taken me to that city of steel and smoke, and of flaring fires that filled the smoke with glaring red, it has been my lot to stop at a hotel which seemed to be in the center of the noisiest spot in all this modern world of noise. Trains crashed past and motor

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cars and trolley cars honked and hooted and grinded continuously, interminably, maddeningly. And the infernal uproar seemed like the raucous orchestration of the cacophonous dis-symphony of that city's life—as that life seemed of the very quintessence of American life. A city of millionaires and their mansions—and of sordid slums, and the grey misery which is the background against which mammon best shows his plutocrats' parade. (This, of course, was in the days before the revolution came to shut down the rolling mills, and bank down the fires of the forges, and to stop as many of the trains, and lessen the numbers of the motor cars, and to wipe out so many of the millions of dollars of the plutocrats—and to deepen the dumb misery of the poor.)

Even in those days, however, I knew that Pittsburgh had other aspects. I had gone on pilgrimage to that Church of the Sacred Heart in which American art and architecture proves what high achievements of beauty are possible even in days of a commercialized and mechanically standardized religious art. And I had visited the shrines sacred to the holy and abiding memory of a saint—the places where Bishop Neumann had worked and prayed—where indeed he had proved the great truth that all human work can be transformed into prayer by an act of human will, when the human will directs the intention of all its operations toward the doing of the will of God. And I knew that in Pittsburgh, as elsewhere, even in the hurly-burly of the clangorous mills, and the crisscrossing energies of the market place, and the millionaires' homes, and the slums of the lower orders of the working classes, thousands of men and women and children, of all ranks and degrees of social status, were yet seeking first the one necessary thing—the Kingdom of God and its justice, and its true peace which the world cannot give, nor take away from them.

So, therefore, it is not surprising—however gratifying—that the news should come from Pittsburgh that its priests should form a band of leaders of the people in the path of peace. After all, we should never forget that the history of the Church in the United States began with a dedication of its manifold activities to the spirit of mystical contemplation. The first thing done by the first bishop of the Church in this land—John Carroll of Baltimore—was to apply to the Carmelites in Antwerp for contemplative nuns to come to America and there watch and pray in dedicated silence and solitude and self-sacrifice at the cradle of the infant Church. For generations before the American Revolution, the daughters of Maryland had been giving a succession of their rarest souls to the Carmel of Antwerp, to the service of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. American Carmelites heeded the invitation of Bishop Carroll. Since that day, the American cloisters of the contemplative life, not only of the Carmelite spirit, but of many other great dedications, have been maintained, and have grown in numbers, and in power.

The commonly held opinion that the Church in the United States has been like the general life of this country, merely an organizing, building, bustling affair—the work of Martha to the exclusion of the influence of Mary—is a vulgar error. Our American Church always has maintained its centers of silence and solitude—power houses of the energizing spirit of prayer—and among its clergy and its people there have been and now are many who know and who follow the higher paths of prayer. Yet it remains true that exterior rather than interior work and living has chiefly characterized the action of the Church, as it has the action of the nation. And necessarily so, during the era of the frontier, and the settlement and civilizing of the vast new world. But of late years the need of the age has called forth action to meet that need. Weary of too much effort in doing too many things, the words said to Martha concerning the one thing most important have reached many anxious and worried souls today. The wonderful growth and development of the lay retreat movement, of the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, of frequent Communion, of the interest in the lives and the works of the mystical saints—all these are signs of the time. Among our friends of other forms of faith, the same movement is spreading. Retreats among Protestant clergymen; the return to recollection and contemplation among Protestant lay folk; the renewed interest in liturgical observances—all accompanied by a renewed respect for and understanding of Catholic devotion to these integral instruments of true worship, which is the soul of religion—can be observed on every side.

But in these high places of the spiritual reawakening of our age—which is the chief hope of that age—our people turn, properly and instructively, to their clergy for example, and leadership, and necessary instruction. Sometimes I wonder if our clergy truly comprehend the depth and strength and perdurability of the love of the Catholic laity for their priests and their nuns, their faith and trust in their leaders, and how gladly they follow when their shepherds move to lead their flock. Anyhow, it is so. We lay people turn in this time of trouble and confusion in the world to those placed by God in His Church to safeguard us, and to teach us the ways we should travel. And for many of us what the priests of Pittsburgh are doing—what is bound to be done also in many other dioceses—thrills us with new hope, and is hailed by us with rejoicings as of Laetare Sunday, reminding us in the midst of the grey yet bracing days of Lent of the glory and peace and happiness of the Eastertide to come.

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THE LONG ROAD HOME: III[1]

THE END OF THE ROAD

By JOHN MOODY

LIKE the average non-Catholic, I always had assumed that even though Catholicism may have been built on a definite deposit of truth, yet many of its present doctrines must be mere accretions or additions. But I now was to discover that this distinctly was not so. All the essential doctrinal teachings of the Church were, I found, logical developments of the original deposit; and whatever had been more definitely defined through the ages had really been implicit in the Faith from the very beginning.

This process of "discovering" the Catholic Church was, of course, spread over a considerable period, and it came to me only slowly as I went on with my studies. At first I had found it hard to make real progress. Like many men, I was strongly attracted to some aspects of Catholicism, but repelled by others; I thought I could not take the bitter with the sweet, and frequently I would run against some dogma or phase of discipline and say, "No, I never can swallow that."

The trouble was that I was at first trying to absorb the Faith by a process of elimination, checking it off, item by item, as I would a statistical table. It was my frightfully statistical mind which was handicapping me. But in time I came to see that Catholicism never can be properly understood by this piecemeal process; one cannot pick and choose; to attempt to do so is simply to invite confusion. The Catholic faith is like a beautifully interwoven tapestry; the high lights cannot be cut from the softer ones; the figures cannot be detached from their background; to attempt to tamper is but to destroy. How can we say we will accept one of the Divine mysteries but reject another? Of that—the Protestant way—I had long known the futility. In fact, before I was able properly to visualize Catholicism, I appreciated that apt statement of Cardinal Newman:

> You must accept the whole or reject the whole; attenuation does but enfeeble, and amputation mutilate. It is trifling to accept all but something which is as integral as any other portion; and, on the other hand, it is a solemn thing to accept any part, for, before you know where you are, you may be carried along by a stern logical necessity to accept the whole.

There is no doubt that stern logical necessity was finally a compelling factor with me. Long did I flounder in the confusion of what seemed to me contradictory or non-essential doctrines before I saw the light. I had not at first fully grasped the supernatural background of the Faith. Some people find it easy to understand and believe in the supernatural, but I found it difficult, for I was a hard-boiled, empirically minded product of nineteenth-century thought. Eventually, by the grace of God, it came to me; and then it was that the theological virtues, faith, hope and charity, took on for me their full spiritual significance.

Before I reached this end of my conflict, however, I had many a struggle with my inborn prejudices and heavy coating of scepticism. The Catholic Church, I told myself, simply could not be this stupendous, supernatural thing; its history was too human, too chequered. I plunged into an extensive study of Christian history and exegesis, modern higher critcism, and other controversial writings. I would run this great illusion to earth!

Especially was my old, inherent prejudice regarding the supremacy of the See of Peter a stumbling block—even though I now saw how essential a part of Catholicism it was. But I was honest with myself; I would not distort history. And I came to see that the weight of purely historical evidence in support of the primacy of Rome was so great that it could not be disregarded. In short, I came to the inevitable conclusion that the only way to understand early Christianity at all, and have it make sense, was the Catholic way. The Scriptures, as interpreted by the Catholic Church, were not the meaningless hodgepodge which private judgment had made them; and when, after another painstaking year, I had finished with all the long-winded German Protestant critics and their imitators, the Catholic claims were the only ones that held water for me. What a lot of time I had wasted!

I had been carrying the notion for most of my life that the Catholic Church was an archaic, effete institution. I have told of my surprise in finding it so alive in Europe a quarter century before. But now, in actually discovering it, I saw that as a mere *human* institution, it would be simply impossible. In the oft-quoted words of Macaulay:

> She [the Catholic Church] saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we have no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot on Britain, before the Frank had

[1] This is the last of three extracts from "The Long Road Home," the choice of the Catholic Book Club for May.

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> passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

It requires only a slight knowledge of history to see that no human institutions, religious or secular, have ever lasted in this way. Religious sects, Christian or other, in every age, have invariably split up or wandered from their original teachings; or have ultimately died. In Protestant Christianity, especially, its many sects begin to die at the top almost as soon as they are born.

The complete realization of the undying life of the Catholic Church at first startled me. She had outlived hundreds of rivals and promised to see all the rest, old or new, to bed. In her long history of nearly twenty centuries she had suffered enough from attacks from without and treachery within to have been killed a score of times; and in every age, including our own, her enemies had sung the dirge for her funeral. And yet, amazing as it seemed, here she stood, three hundred millions strong, the one consistent, universal institution on earth. The oldest Church of all, still she is the youngest; persecuted and betrayed, rejected and crucified, she rises daily from the dead.

I could not fail to see that there was something strangely immortal about this Catholic Church; something supernatural. And now to me the answer was not far to seek. I had found the evidence overpowering. Christ Himself had built this Church on the rock of Peter when He said: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And this being so, quite obviously the Church—His Mystical Body—must be as immortal and unerring as was He.

Thus did the claim of papal supremacy and its infallibility in faith and morals become understandable to me. The undeniable records proved the credentials of the Church; she herself was the witness to the truth. And this being so, where was the flaw in the Catholic claim? I could find none; and I concluded that W. H. Mallock, in his book, "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption," had put it perfectly when he said:

> I can understand the Catholic claim, but I cannot understand any other. The Church says to her children, you must believe these things because I tell you that I witnessed them myself, and you know that I am trustworthy. I do not refer you merely to written books, but to my continuous consciousness that is called Tradition. You can believe the Resurrection securely because I was there and I saw it. I saw, with my own eyes, the stone rolled away; I saw the Lord of Life come out; I went with the Marys to the tomb; I heard the footsteps on the garden path; I saw, through eyes blind with tears but clear with love, Him Whom my companion thought to be the gardener.

But a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still: and as with Mr. Mallock when he wrote the foregoing, my materialistic environment still held me in leash; conversion to the Catholic faith seemed too stupendous a change for me. Dared a practical, commercialized citizen like myself venture openly to become a Catholic? Said a business friend: "If we all suddenly turned Catholic, what a cataclysm there would be!"

And now I turned back to my old idol, George Santayana, to see if he could revive my time-worn notion that all conceptions of the metaphysical or supernatural were not fancies after all. But I soon found that the limpid pages of Santayana had lost their wizardry. And a further attempt to revive interest in other purveyors of modern thought—Bertrand Russell, John Dewey and A. N. Whitehead—proved a painful bore. And when, about that time, my old friend Walter Lippmann confessed his philosophy of despair in "A Preface to Morals," I found it difficult to follow him through. It seemed old stuff.

It was at this juncture that a good friend in the Episcopal Church took me in hand and tried to persuade me that in the "Anglo-Catholic branch of the true Church" the full cravings of my soul would be satisfied. We had several talks. But alas for my friend; he was forty years too late. There came flooding back to my memory those days of my youth, when, trying to retain my boyhood faith, I had, with painstaking care, traced the history of the Church of England from the days of Cranmer down, reading every version I could lay my hands on. I had no access to Catholic literature in those days, and so I never was "misled" by Rome.

But it had required no reading of pro-Catholic literature to discover how Archbishop Cranmer and his friends had undermined the ancient Catholic heritage, and how, later on, by the Acts of Settlement and Uniformity in 1558 and 1562, the old Church had been completely scrapped and a new corporate institution formed, with the Queen at its head and with Parliament as its final interpreter of doctrine and arbiter of discipline and ritual. Long before I had reached my twenty-fifth year I had become thoroughly convinced that, at its founding, the Church of England was fundamentally Protestant and Calvinistic in its intention, and not in any real sense Catholic. And I had learned nothing in my later years to dislodge this conviction.

All my adult life I had remained nominally a member of the Episcopal Church, but as a "liberal"; which meant that I felt free to believe

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almost anything I chose, or perhaps nothing: the less dogma the better. I could interpret the Creed as I pleased, or could reject it if I pleased; I could create my own God or dethrone Him; or I could worship a cosmic splash. And in the end I had found it a broad highway to nothing at all.

As I have told in earlier pages, I drifted from the High to the Broad Church section of Episcopalianism through the discovery that the High Churchman enthroned private interpretation like all the rest, and spoke, without authority, unity or agreement. He "picked and chose" like any other Protestant; therefore, why should not I pick and choose? There were several schools of thought to pick and choose from in the Episcopal Church; but after my early disillusionment the only rational school seemed to be the so-called Broad one. The Low Churchman, or "Evangelical," it seemed to me, logically should have followed Wesley; while the High Churchman seemed logically to belong to the Catholic Church; and how he could be really content in a minority faction of an avowedly Protestant communion, was something which I never could satisfactorily figure out. By what authority was he rejecting the plain teaching of his Book of Common Prayer and his Thirty-nine Articles?

Never would "the cravings of my soul be satisfied" through a return to this Episcopal faction. Its claim of being a "branch" of the Church Catholic meant nothing to me; it was only a "branch" of an avowedly Protestant communion. I say it in all charity, but two contradictories cannot both be true; you cannot have it both ways.

I know—and deeply respect—many sincere Catholic-minded people who are Anglo-Catholics; and though some seem uncertain on faith, they all seem strong for Catholic "atmosphere," ritual and discipline. But these things are superficial; one could have them anywhere. Dr. William Orchard had them in full in a Congregational church in London! It is the Faith—the whole faith—not the ritual, that counts.

Phillips Brooks is said to have remarked several decades ago, that the Episcopal was "the *roomiest* church in all Christendom"—meaning, of course, that private judgment had full sway there. Bishop Brooks was a true Episcopalian; he saw his church as it actually is—a place for all sorts and conditions of people to indulge in all sorts and conditions of beliefs. It is the ideal communion for just that; and so long as I had no definite faith I was quite content to remain there. But now, when its varying brands of "Catholicity" were again commended to me, I could only politely say, "No, thank you; long ago I sampled and rejected them."

The issue by now was clean-cut for me; it must be either Catholicism or agnosticism. I had gone too far to find satisfaction any longer in compromises; and by the opening of 1930 I knew, whether I would frankly admit it or not, that before very long I would be in the Catholic Church.

However, I made one last stand. Early that spring I went to Egypt with my family. We planned, after making the trip up the Nile, to go over to Palestine and then on to Constantinople, returning to western Europe by way of Athens. I was eager to see Egypt, but as for the Holy Land, I was not so enthusiastic then; for I still was struggling to rebuff the current which was sweeping me on to the Catholic Church; and I felt that a visit to the cradle of Christianity might, at least emotionally, weaken my defenses. Why not skip Palestine, I argued, and have more time for Athens and perhaps some other places?

But we did not change our plans; we went to the Holy Land. On the way there I read a couple of scoffing books on Christianity, which should have equipped me to be as sceptical and cynical as any sophisticated tourist well could be.

I would not say that I went to the Holy Land to mock, but it is certainly true that I remained to pray. I could no longer cheat myself; I had learned too much. For it was the vision of God in His revelation of the crucified and risen Christ, and of the whole body of Catholic truth, which filled the air for me before I had been twenty-four hours in Jerusalem. And all the distorted, merely poetic, and modernistic conceptions of Christ that I had for years saturated my mind with, and had still been trying to retain, evaporated like mist before the morning sun.

We spent but a few days in and about Jerusalem, and then went on to Nazareth and Tiberias. And here it was, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, that my long conflict with myself and my prejudices saw its end. From that time all debate was left behind. The living truth of Catholic teaching now completely possessed me, and my long years of "philosophic doubt" had ended.

It may be said that this was all emotion and sentimentalism. But not so; there was far more to it than that. I had been slowly but surely reading myself into the Catholic Church for several years; I had met one difficulty after another, and had resolved them every one. If I had not gone to the Holy Land at all, I soon would have become a Catholic just the same. Yet it was indeed a joy and a blessing to have embraced the Faith in its fullness at this particular time and place.

It was a very beautiful morning. As I sat meditating under the trees in front of the little hospice, and watching the blue waters of Galilee glisten in the sunshine, these words of Peter kept ringing in my ears: "Lord, to whom shall we go? . . . Thou hast the words of eternal life! . . . Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God! . . ." And I was at peace; for I knew that Peter had spoken the truth.

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A LIVING RETROSPECT

By JAMES ST. GEORGE LYNCH

THE PASSION of Our Lord is associated in my mind with the locale of the parochial school I attended when I was a little boy. Evidently, it was there that I first heard the details of this distressing, yet beautiful, story. It must have made a profound impression upon me, because, even after all these years, whenever the incidents of the Passion are recalled, there, with them, is the old, wooden schoolhouse, and the adjacent church and parish grounds.

Both the church and school are gone now, long since replaced by larger, brick edifices. But they live clearly in my memory. The church was on the corner, facing the avenue, and extended back along the street. Behind it, transversely, stood the school, facing the street. Between them was a space about fifteen feet wide, serving as a passageway from the street. It gave access to the church basement, at the rear of the church, and thence on to the parish grounds proper, which also accommodated the rectory and convent.

The incongruity of associating these events with this environment, when, in fact, they happened in a distant land, almost on the other side of the earth, has only lately occurred to me. Of course, I have been tacitly conscious of this, but in visualizing these things, I saw them there where I first heard of them, and the vision persists. I do not know that I would have it otherwise; and I suppose that to my dying day, I will still see Our Lord there, around the old church and school.

Come to think of it, His Holy Presence has undoubtedly graced these hallowed precincts and often smiled upon us in the little school, and the good nuns there, furthering His work with those whom He has likened to His kingdom. But it has been my privilege to actually see Him there, in my mind's eye; and, as well, His Apostles and others who took part in this tragic episode.

I see Him now, some distance away, saying: "Behold, as you go into the city, there shall meet you a man carrying a pitcher of water: follow him into the house where he entereth in.

"And you shall say to the goodman of the house: 'The Master saith to thee, "Where is the guest chamber, where I may eat the pasch with my disciples?" '

"And he will shew you a large dining room, furnished; and there prepare."

Now, the church and school were not located in the city, but, nevertheless, I see the Apostles, Peter and John, following the man with the pitcher diagonally across the street in front of the school. They mount the wide, cinder sidewalk about opposite the open space between the school and the church, and are now approaching the rear of the church on the street side. There is no entrance to the church there, but, even so, some mysterious assumption assures me that they enter there.

Presently Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper springs to life within the rear of the church, against a misty background. I am out in the street where the Apostles lately crossed on their way to prepare the pasch. The church walls do not seem to obstruct my view, because I see them all there in the upper portion of the church where the sanctuary would be. It is not there now—just a large room—heavy blue drapes to the left, and rather vague at the right. They are all facing toward the school.

Then Our Lord is in the Garden of Gethsemane. That is in the parish grounds proper. He is kneeling there in the dark, over behind the school yard, while His disciples sleep a little distance away. It is all very quiet. His hands are clasped, and a white glow surrounds His head.

Judas appears near the fence around the school yard. He kisses Our Lord. The Roman soldiers are standing about with torches at the end of the open space between the church and school, where it gives onto the parish grounds proper. Peter steps forward and strikes off the ear of the servant of the high priest, who is immediately healed by Jesus.

Near there, stands a tree upon which Judas hung himself. If you stand with me over here near the church vestry, you can see it. It is in the open, yet seems to be located where the rear of the church basement would be, on the side away from the street, just within the rear wall. It is right over there, a little below us, about twenty-five feet away.

Now Our Lord is before Pilate in the basement of the church. Although we know what is going on there, we can't see it. But outside, in the passageway from the street, over against the school, Peter is warming himself, with others, before a round, iron brazier filled with glowing coals. Standing over here about where Peter struck off the ear of the servant, we can see them clearly. The school wall to our right seems transparent, and just beyond it, slightly above the level of the window sills, a large cock stretches his neck, crowing.

The cock and Peter melt away. We catch a sense of pity for Our Lord, forsaken; badgered by the fatuous high priests before the wobbling Pilate, while the gloating mob howls for His Blood.

They take Him off and do Him to death.

But later, we see Him again. Strange to say, it is again in the church basement, off to one side near the street. He is calm and refreshed, though pale and waxlike. With a tinge of amusement, He is telling Thomas, "Put in thy finger hither."

A Nun Growing Old

The wine first served at Cana satisfied;
But when the water had its God confessed,
That which divine munificence supplied—
That last wine was the best.

Sweet was the spring of love when trustfully
I gave myself to Him by that first vow;
But as Cana, He has kept for me
The best wine until now.

SISTER M. RAYMUND.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Gabriel over the White House

IF IT served no other purpose, the new film, "Gabriel over the White House," would establish once and for all the superiority of the screen over the stage as a vehicle for outright propaganda. For this picture is propaganda of the baldest sort. It could not support certain views and ideas more directly if it were an underscored Hearst editorial. Yet it is good "theatre" in spite of this. It hangs together, moves swiftly, has plenty of dramatic and melodramatic contrast, and has more than enough emotional interest. No stage play dealing with the same materials and the same ideas could possibly succeed.

At the risk of seeming to give too much importance to a film of a distinctly meretricious order, I should like to analyze, as well as I can, the reasons why "Gabriel over the White House" holds a significance beyond its own individual worth. It sets a precedent. It opens up, for good or for evil, a new channel of influencing the mass emotions and judgment of a people. It creates a new technique of mental influence. That is what makes it worth studying.

As most people now know from the press reports, the film tells the story of a new kind of a being in the White House at Washington. The book from which the film was made was completed before the inauguration of President Roosevelt, which fact eliminates it as a mere apologia for the dramatic events which have taken place since the fourth of March. Inevitably, however, people will associate many of the incidents of the film story with the continuing melodrama of Washington itself. Certain episodes which must have seemed quite fanciful when they were written and photographed have since come so close to actuality as to seem like a startling prophecy. Other episodes remain in the realm of sheer fantasy. It is much better, therefore, to divorce one's thoughts as much as possible from the day to day history we are witnessing, and to follow the screen episodes as they unfold.

A new President is inaugurated. We see the familiar scenes at the capitol, the parades down Pennsylvania Avenue, the reception in the White House for the bachelor President. We soon discover that he is a practical and cynical politician, a "regular" party man, given to fine and meaningless phrases, to stiff interviews with the newspapermen, in which he cannot be quoted, and to promises of help for the unemployed millions which he has little or no hope or intention of fulfilling. His Cabinet is one of the usual variety, men who rest secure in the belief that they can "run the President." He does show a few qualities of reckless independence, but chiefly of the kind to make him drive his own automobile at a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour. In one such drive he is injured—fatally, the doctors believe. But he survives. He comes out of his coma a greatly changed man, and we are led to believe, by a slight indication of the supernatural, that perhaps the real man actually died, and that it is only his physical body which is being perpetuated, animated by the enlightened spirit of Gabriel himself. At all events, he comes back to life with an almost fanatic zeal for the millions whom depression has thrown into hunger and despair. He utterly astonishes his Cabinet by offering to meet the approaching army of the unemployed, whom he had formerly branded as anarchists, and to organize them into an army of reconstruction instead of sending the regular troops against them. When the Secretary of State protests, the President at once accepts his resignation. When Congress threatens impeachment, the President declares martial law and governs without Congress.

There are four major points in the program of this new President: employment of the unemployed in vast public works, at army pay, until industry is ready to reabsorb them; the reorganization of all the banks; war to the death against racketeers through abolishing the Eighteenth Amendment and beating down violence with violence; and the bludgeoning of the world powers into paying the war debts and abolishing costly world armaments. The film story deals with only three of these points, leaving the action on the banks conveniently in the background. The unemployed are put to work in camps. The racketeers are treated to summary court martial and shooting. The foreign nations are summoned to a conference on a battleship, with microphones carrying the words of the conferees to every corner of the earth. A new debts accord is signed—and, as he affixes his signature to this supposed covenant of world peace, the President dies. Gabriel has done his work.

Now the point is that in the visual telling of this story, it is far less fantastic than in verbal outline, or than it would be if told in a stage play. It is the peculiar technique of the screen which makes the impossible seem possible. The freedom of the screen to jump from incident to incident, and to accumulate the effects of mass action gives the illusion of reality—or, to put it another way, clothes propaganda with emotional realism. That is the important point to the whole affair. I am far from objecting to many parts of the propaganda itself. If men are ever to be stirred to hot fury by the undeserved suffering of millions of their fellow beings, now is the time when they should be stirred in every nerve and fiber. The humane and understanding treatment of the unemployed—in contrast with the aloofness of "rugged individualism"—is superb. The summary treatment of organized crime is the only possible defense of society against a menace worse than revolution itself. In humanity, justice and decency, there cannot be two sides to such questions. The matter of war debts is something far different, a matter where strict nationalism is perhaps the very antithesis of the doctrines preached in behalf of fellow countrymen. In this case, the treatment accorded the question is inflammatory and jingoistic. But whether you agree with it or not, the point remains that it is effective treatment of a kind which the stage could never give.

The very realism of the screen has thus established, once and for all, its power to give vast emotional force to questions that should be settled in reason, charity and calm judgment. We know now that a most dangerous weapon of propaganda can be forged. Much of our future may depend on how wisely that weapon will be used.

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COMMUNICATIONS

SHALL WE RECOGNIZE RUSSIA?

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: I have read many reasons, pro and con, for the recognition of Soviet manhandled Russia. After reading yours, which is either pro or con, I have almost succumbed to the sophistry of big blundering business.

As usual, my notions on the fad are at variance with the fashion. The chief reason, I think, for not opening an account with the Bolshevist's commissariat is a business reason. It is not alone a credit manager's reason; it is principally a sales manager's reason. It is a business reason as greedy as a monopolist and as cowardly as a banker. The real cause for shunning Russia is not that she will eventually fail, but rather that she might finally succeed. Consider the tremendous production plan of the Soviet: with its single purpose machines, its high efficiency methods, its regimented labor and its martial law, with throttle wide open and "hitting on all twelve cylinders," flooding the world with cheap goods from its vantage point at the crossroads of population. If our stepsons of the wild jackasses (the captains of industry) cannot foresee how this would force America not only out of world trade but even out of its own domestic market, and eventually reduce Americans to the standard of living of a seventeenth-century Arab, they cannot see beyond their noses, big-nosed fools though they are.

The prohibitions of devotions and the requirement of atheism are reasons that rake the noble sensibilities of Christians. But in these reasons the Soviet is sincere though sincerely deluded, and in nothing else is it even half serious. Sincerity ultimately discloses the light of truth, even though the searcher is groping through a blind tunnel of ignorance and prejudice, and hoping that the light has gone out. We Catholics often miss the point of sincerity; we usually mistake indifference for tolerance. We burn incense in honor of the Butlers and the Phelps; we itch to light the funeral pyres of the Heflins or the Wilsons. Yet, though I use names merely as types, I don't believe much contradiction is warranted if I remind you that not the B's and P's but the H's and W's would become the militant Catholics and the pure doctrinal Romanists.

Modern revolutions (beginning at the Bastile) wind up in dictatorships; the better the revolution, the worse the dictatorship; the fiercer the revolution, the milder the dictatorship. Whether it's Hitler in this century or Boney in the last, the result is the same because the rule is fixed. But when the experiment in extreme Socialism, or of the farthest Left (almost left-handed in the sense of gaucherie) starts off with dictatorship, we may expect by the inversion of the rules, to see it wind up in some mild form of Fabian State Paternalism, or even in a revised Revisionism which might, for all we know, resemble thirteenth-century Artizanism. The kremlin may after all be replaced with the monastery; the garish ugliness of the bill-posters, change into the calm and peaceful peal of the Angelus.

But keep up the fight against embracing the Soviet: (1) because Stalin and Company are looking for "suckers"—greedy marketeers who in the name of Christian charity, will speculate for immediate profit with credit extension, on the mystical "hunch" of blind Eddyic optimism; (2) because we are competing with ourselves in setting up a Russian Industrial Horsepower and then feeding it "oats"; (3) because the military corporation might possibly succeed: and then "good-by" to the enterprise and acumen of the Yankee: "good-morning" with rude awakening from the . . . Dream of America.

ARTHUR J. CONWAY.

Portland, Me.

TO the Editor: It seems to me that one of the reasons given for THE COMMONWEAL'S opposition to the recognition of Russia, as put forth in its leading editorial of April 12, is, to say the least, flimsy. And, inasmuch as this reason is apparently the main prop upon which rests the probity of THE COMMONWEAL'S stand, as such, the discussion of it would doubtlessly be pregnant of direction in the solution of this so vexing and important problem.

Quoting a "leading authority on international law—whose private memoranda we are following with confidence in his knowledge and his judgment—" THE COMMONWEAL restates that: "The Russian government is not disposed to respect the obligations of international law. On the contrary, it is absolutely opposed to the existing system of international law which it deems capitalistic and unworthy of respect. In other words, it does not recognize international law and therefore is not entitled to recognition under the very law it repudiates. Specifically, the Russian government flatly refuses to carry out the contractual engagements of the previous government of Russia."

So, because Russia does not recognize international law, it follows that it is not entitled to recognition under the very law it repudiates, does it? According to this line of reasoning, Russia, because it is what it is or does what it does, would be entitled to recognition only under the negative of international law. For, if recognition is a matter of international law; and non-recognition is legal; recognition must be illegal. But the simple fact is that practically all of the important powers of the world except the United States do recognize Russia. Therefore these nations, in so doing, must be acting in contempt of international law. Hence, it would seem that our objection to Russia, because of its supposed repudiation of international law, would be even more applicable to those who actually do break that law. But we would not consider this sufficient cause in their cases for not recognizing, or (if I may be permitted the unusual expression) for disrecognizing them. Accordingly, our present attitude toward Russia amounts to a capricious and unfair discrimination against that government.

Perhaps, before exciting ourselves unduly about Russia's alleged lack of enthusiasm for international law, it would be well to ask: What is international law?

JAMES H. BURKE.

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NEW LIGHT ON BIRTH CONTROL

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: Repeated readings of the letter over the name of Ernest Dimnet appearing in your issue of April 12 leaves me decidedly perplexed. Coming from the author of "The Art of Thinking" I am not only perplexed but astounded. After all allowances, it strikes me as poor thinking. Again and again I have tried to determine whether the writer stands with the Pope in opposition to birth control, or with the Anglican bishops in toleration of it. When he says, "Unquestionably, the tone of the formerly abused resolution of the Anglican bishops on the same subject (birth control) was more productive of the right atmosphere," I have a feeling of uneasiness. I may be obtuse, but certainly the Catholic cursory reader of his letter will hardly fail to conclude that the author of it is neither Catholic nor loyal. *Quod Deus avertat.*

When your distinguished correspondent feels "indignation at the unconscious cruelty with which unimaginative priests would give two poor workers cooped up in one room no alternative between damnation or an impossible increase of family," may I ask what else can they do as consistent Catholics? I doubt if even an "unimaginative" priest fails to understand and sympathize, and therefore applies the principle not "cruelly," but kindly. It seems that there are anti-clericals among the clericals. M. Dimnet has something to learn about priests, even "unimaginative" priests.

Again, it is true, as he says, that "people unused to theological subtleties" will see no difference between what one may call unnatural birth control, and birth control by self-control (abstention). But, it is not necessary to remind the author of "The Art of Thinking" that this does not do away with the reality of the distinction. There are many other instances where people "unused to theological subtleties" fail to see a difference, to their hurt.

It is strange to read: "I miss, . . . as I always miss in theological disquisitions, the clear statement that there can be no legitimate marital relations without love, etc." I think it is the contract, the sacrament of marriage that makes lawful the intimate marital relations, not "love."

George Bernard Shaw is called as an authority to prove the claim that love alone makes the marriage act lawful. His quotation from Shaw is misleading. What Shaw really said is this: "When people adopt methods of contraception they are engaging, not in natural intercourse, but in reciprocal vice."

George Sand is another witness for this contention. This celebrity was a lady of easy morals. Like the woman at the well, she had many "husbands," but not one of them was her husband. A queer one to quote in writing of the lawfulness of marriage. When M. Dimnet maintains "that there can be no legitimate marriage relations without love," and in this connection quotes George Sand, is one to infer that the intimate marital relations of George Sand with numerous lovers were legitimate because "regulated by the heart"?

Besides "The Art of Thinking," M. Dimnet has given us a charming book in his "What We Live By." Alas! Mr. Editor, his recent letter to THE COMMONWEAL affords only another proof that one may write charmingly on the art of life and yet fail to be of the number of those who

"See life steadily, and see it whole."

REV. BART HARTWELL.

GEORGE MOORE

Westerly, R. I.

TO the Editor: The death of George Moore reminds me of an incident in his life as told by my friend Sara Allgood, who knew him well during his sojourn in Dublin. Nothing illustrates the childish vanity and almost insane craving for publicity as his sudden decision to leave the Catholic Church.

When George Moore made up his mind that the doctrine of infallibility was an impediment to his intellectual growth, he made the rounds of all his literary friends. They refused to be impressed or even shocked and received the news with good-natured tolerance.

Nothing daunted, Moore wrote to the then Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, the following letter:

"My dear Archbishop: Have you heard the news? I have left the Catholic Church.—George Moore."

Having dispatched the important news, Moore sat back and waited for the result. In the course of a few days the reply came, which set all Dublin laughing:

"My dear George Moore: Have you heard the story of the fly on the end of the cow's tail? The fly said: 'Cow, I am about to leave you.' The cow looked over her shoulder at the tip of her tail and said: 'Oh really? Why I didn't know you were there!'—Francis Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin."

HONORA BRENNAN HART.

A MAN OF WAR

Pittsfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: My good friend, Charles Willis Thompson, quotes from the Lloyd Lewis book ("Sherman: Fighting Prophet"): "You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty and you cannot refine it." And adds: "This is the phrase which someone later simplified into the celebrated version, 'War is hell.'" Ever so many of the reviewers thought this was all there was to it. But Lewis cited chapter and verse. Sherman said that war was not all glory, as so many supposed, but all hell. A vital feature of the book is the facsimile from the newspaper in which the speech was reported. Sherman in after years could not recall having said any such thing. But here is the press to prove that he did say it. The reviewers will find much in the text to interest them. I wrote to one of them to say that he muffed this passage. He replied that he drew attention to it in what he wrote. I could not find it, but it may have been in another edition.

JOSEPH HOLLISTER.

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BOOKS

The Gothic Quest

Pugin, by Michael Trappes-Lomax. New York: Sheed and Ward. $3.50.

IN MONSIGNOR WARD'S book, "The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation in England," there is a whole chapter devoted to the architect, Pugin, and his controversies with his fellow Catholics, but so far, this study by Mr. Trappes-Lomax is the first full-length biography of the tough little man with flashing eyes and brilliant laugh who did so much for the arts of his Church. Mr. Trappes-Lomax has executed a very fine portrait of his restless subject—kindly, appreciative, discriminating and fair. He does not disguise the fact that Pugin was a temperamental creature who could on occasions be very trying to his ecclesiastical superiors, nor hide the extent of his Gothic obsession, his fanaticism for trifles. But he also makes it clear from the start that Pugin was no mere religious aesthete. He did not join the Catholic Church because of his love for Catholic art, for as Mr. Trappes-Lomax says, "In the Catholic England of his day, there was no art to love."

Both before and after Catholic Emancipation there were no external splendors of public worship, and the clergy evidenced no desire for their restoration. Save for a few private chapels belonging to noblemen, and places like the Portuguese Embassy, where Novello was organist, the Mass was said in garrets, in tawdry assembly rooms, in stable-lofts. The Church remained, in Newman's phrase, a *gens lucifuga* hidden in the catacombs. Moreover, the great Christian style called Gothic which Pugin so ardently favored was not in favor among ecclesiastics and educated Catholics. Everything there smacked of marble, real or imitated, of the mellow semi-paganism of eighteenth-century Rome. The "Gothick" style, as it was called, had, to be sure, long since been revived by the real aesthetes, the men of letters, as we know from the letters of Gray and Horace Walpole, but their discovery bore as much relation to what Pugin called "the real thing" as Walpole's sham castle at Strawberry Hill bore to Chartres Cathedral.

Thus when Pugin erected his first independently designed church, St. Mary's, Uttoxeter, he could say correctly that it was "the first Catholic structure raised in this country in strict accordance with the rules of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, since the days of the pretended Reformation." It was also notable for the fact that the Right Reverend Peter Augustine Baines, O.S.B., Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, refused to attend its dedication when he heard that so-called Gothic vestments were to be used. We know not the outcome of the Bishop's intransigence, but the dedication of a second Pugin church, St. Mary's, Derby, was the scene of more trouble, when Pugin, the architect, Lord Shrewsbury, the patron, and Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, "that perfect mediaeval man," all drove away in high dudgeon, refusing to take part in the ceremonies. They had counted on hearing the Mass of Dedication, chanted in plainsong by a surpliced choir, but Bishop Walsh had

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NEXT WEEK

BANKING REFORM, by Gerhard Hirschfeld, is a cogent analysis of the new securities bill recommended by President Roosevelt which is to have the revolutionary effect on investment practice of making the seller beware—making those persons who have direct cognizance of investments offered to the public assume responsibility for them and be honest in their declarations, under pain of severe penalties if they distort and conceal information which they alone are in a position to know. This is one of the most important and fundamental developments in American economic history of all times; an understanding of it is essential to a grasp of the vast changing conditions in the midst of which we are now living . . . CATHOLICITY IN POLITICS, by Charles O. Rice, puts it bluntly up to Catholics to square their practical participation in politics with the tenets of their faith . . . THE OXFORD MOVEMENT, by H. A. Jules-Bois, distinguished author, noted, among other works, for his book, "The Little Religions of Paris," dissects here the queer new sect of Buchmanism, which M. Jules-Bois sees as a Freudian reaction from an increasing spiritual dryness in traditional Protestantism . . . AMERICAN ART MATURES, by Morton Dauwen Zabel, is an earnest condemning of a great many widely appreciate American artists and foreign art in general, some reflections on art and the naming of a small special group of whom the writer approves with careful reservations.

made other arrangements, and Pugin had been horrified to see a man with a fiddle-case making his way to the organ-loft. Pugin's attitude toward modern orchestration in church and non-Gothic vestments was never in doubt. "What is the use," said he to Dr. Cox who once wore a French cope at St. Edmund's College, "of praying for the conversion of England in that cope?"

Pugin is an example of a man who, though he wield a humorous and trenchant pen, has really no sense of humor where his pet hobby is concerned. It is not so easy for us to smile at his Gothic extravagances, for we have seen too many Pugins since the aesthetic Renaissance in the Church without his genius. Monsignor Ward reminds us that in the England of the thirties and forties there were three clearly distinguished parties: the Old Catholics, who cared neither one way or the other for externals, but only desired to enjoy their emancipation in peace; the New Catholics or Oxford converts, men like Manning, Faber and Ward who were all for Roman styles and Roman devotions; and finally the self-named "English" Catholics who wanted a Gothic renaissance in architecture, decoration and music. "These quarreled," writes Mr. Trappes-Lomax, "as only earnest people can quarrel who have the same object at heart."

The climax to Pugin's outspoken criticisms came when some of the New Catholics actually got up a protest to Rome on the ground that he was an "innovator." But Pugin's spirit was not crushed, for by that time he had a new bee in his Gothic bonnet, namely, the supreme sacred importance of rood screens. For Pugin, the rood screen was a common feature in mediaeval Gothic churches of the best period, and that was enough for him. The screen was, consequently, an indispensable part of the Sacramental Mysteries.

The enemies of the rood screen, as voiced by the learned Jesuit, Père Martin, contended that the old screens, with their Oriental mystery, had contributed to a loss of faith among the laity on the eve of the Reformation. The neutral men, headed by Dr. Newman and the Duke of Norfolk, held that it was all much ado about nothing.

As for Pugin himself, he let himself go in a vehement treatise entitled "On Chancel Screens and Rood Lofts," in which he states roundly that "it is impossible for church furniture and decoration to attain a greater depth of debasement, and this is one of the greatest impediments to the revival of Catholic truth."

Mr. Trappes-Lomax thinks the charge to have been true, and adds, in concluding, that it is largely thanks to Pugin that it is not so true today. More than anyone is he responsible against heavy odds for the triumph of the Gothic Revival which we enjoy (some of us) today.

It is safe to say that by his glorious churches, by his ardent life spent in the service of a single ideal, Pugin did more for Catholic art than did all the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." The worst that can be said of Pugin is, in the words of the Psalm, that "the zeal of God's house had eaten him up." But after all it was the house and what it housed that he chiefly cared for, and not merely the decorations of the vestibule.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

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Mirror of America

The American Scene, by Edwin C. Hill. New York: Witmark Educational Publications. $3.00.

GREATLY will he err, and much will he lose, who passes this book up in the belief that it is just another of those panoramic views of the dissolving times, only put forth for the momentary titillation of the jaded reader. There is something Shakespearean in the way in which Mr. Hill holds mankind up to the mirror; frequently, be it allowed, with humor, but that same shrewd kind of humor which could tell the truth while it evoked a laugh in these four centuries of Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet. As for the style, the time-stained adjectives of reviewers, "gripping," "vivid," "graphic," "unforgettable," and the rest of the troupe, can everywhere be applied to it, and every time with truth. For once it is true that "the reviewer could not lay this book down until it was finished."

The subject may not seem so great; it is only the year 1932. But the author is Hamlet, the melancholy Jacques, Falstaff in his occasional moments of mask-dropping soliloquy, and his real topic is mankind at mankind's wisest and most foolish. His humor is as kindly as the sun and as searching as the east wind. Nothing fools him. The gods of America, as of other countries, have always been blah, bunk, ballyhoo, bluff and blague. Hill looks at every such deity in all its manifestations, looks with a keen and undeceivable eye, and pierces with Ithuriel's spear. Kindly as his irresistible humor is, it is scornfully kindly. He can be, and is, pathetic or tragic too, for the materials are there, from Thalia Massie's unsuspicious tripping along Waikiki Beach to Ivar Krueger's casual search for the largest automatic in Paris. But at all times there is the eye that cannot be deceived by barricades of blah and the tongue that fears not to tell the unwelcome truth.

For Hill's equipment, many thousands know it already. For years he had the distinction of being that particular New York *Sun* reporter who always saw unerringly the truth behind the bunk. Then the radio got him, and he is supposed to tell nightly "the truth behind the news"; and he is peerless among radio talkers in coming as near doing it as he can. The radio, though, is somewhat fettered; one who talks to millions has to talk warily. So Hill has relieved his pent-up insight in a book, where the fetters are few. Sometimes, for a moment, his tolerant patience is on the point of exhaustion, as with the Communist gospel of hate or with the google-eyed New Yorkers who thought it funny for Jimmy Walker to rifle their individual pockets so long as he did it with a joke. But generally, even in the presence of the fatal routine-mindedness of Herbert Hoover or the querulous or Canute-like expostulations of Secretary Stimson with the invariable course of events, this time in Asia, he is moved no jot out of his even temper, and keeps "the cynic humor in his blood."

He has his admirations, Al Smith, Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, Nicholas Murray Butler; admirations, always, for the man or woman who is straightforward and no coward. He has his restrained admirations, as for Franklin

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Roosevelt; full measure of praise, but with discrimination, "a chiel amang ye takin' notes" not only of Roosevelt's courage but of his tightrope-walking. There is no partizanship in him; if he ever had any, he outgrew it long ago.

As for his theme, it is the portent of 1932; but in such a book, the theme is less important than the world-ranging view of the mind of man. For those who deem the theme more important, here it is: "A change was working. . . . A new kind of rebellion stalked through the land, a spontaneous rising in every quarter against old gods and fetishes, against hypocrisy, bureaucracy and standpatism. There opened an era of fact-facing and of forceful talking." Hill probably wrote those words last January, and it is far truer now; for once every man and woman is awake and scrutinizing.

Evidence there is in plenty that at bottom Hill is a religious man; not religious in the take-it-for-granted way, but with that religion of the soul that transformed the world in the first century A. D. He does not say so, much less rub it in; but no man could write as he does who had not "the root of the matter." Yet he writes on every aspect, from golf to opera. "It is," to quote the book-reviewing formulas again, "a book one cannot afford to miss."

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Two Theodores

The Bulpington of Blup, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THERE were once two boys, and both had the name of Theodore: one Theodore, who was called Teddy, was the son of a scientist and he intended to be a scientist too some day; the other Theodore, who secretly called himself the Bulpington of Blup, was the son af a litterateur and he was not quite sure what he wanted to be, except that he did not want to be a scientist. Theodore Bulpington was something of a dreamer—which Mr. Wells holds against him. Just why he should censure Theodore for dreaming never becomes plain, since Theodore's dreaming is of the sort which every child and adolescent (and every adult to a lesser extent) must indulge in as a retreat from the cruelties and inevitable disappointments of the outer world. Theodore goes on dreaming and grappling with those problems involved in growing up, and, at least to one reader, he seems to do the first with sensible restraint and the second not without honesty and courage, even though he arrives at no very strong convictions. In the meantime the scientific Theodore is peering down his microscope and saying that we must arrive at no conclusions in this world but discover facts, and that individuality is an experiment. The war comes and both Theodores are involved in it; the scientific one spends most of his time in a prison cell as a conscientious objector, and the one who now and then thinks of himself as the Bulpington of Blup goes to the front and almost without warning becomes a nasty, cowardly, pathological rotter. The reason for the transformation of the pleasant youth into a cad can only be located in his lack of interest in science; all the really

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nice persons in the book are scientists—biologists and doctors rather than physicists and engineers. The novel closes with the Bulpington Theodore drunkenly retreated to a cottage in Devon, having lost the scientific girl he loved to her true and properly scientific mate; and with the scientific Theodore a professor of social biology.

The surprising thing is that this ludicrous fable does not entirely hide Mr. Wells's gifts as a novelist: there are interesting passages in this long book and, where Mr. Wells's ideas do not intrude, a pleasing insight into human nature. But where the Wellsian ideas come in, all which makes a novel worth-while disappears; if Mr. Wells had no ideas he would see ever so much more clearly: he would not say that the apprehension of the underlying complexity of physical life was too difficult for the minds of fourteen-year-olds and most adults, when such an idea is exactly one a fourteen-year-old can brood on for weeks with a feeling of great profundity; he would realize that the only way soldiers can go to war is laughing and singing; he would not write a novel about two entirely different persons and think he was helping to save the world from chaos by pretending these persons were one.

GEOFFREY STONE.

Religion Discussed

Religion Today, a Challenging Enigma; edited by Arthur L. Swift, jr. New York: Whittlesey House. $2.50.

THE TITLE of this book, "Religion Today," suggests a comprehensive and systematic survey of the status of religion and religious organizations at the present time—at least in the United States. But those who look here for such a survey will be gravely disappointed. Not one-fourth of the papers deal with religion today. And some of the authors, although writing about religion today, instead of giving a general picture, confine themselves to one small point. Thus Dr. J. V. Moldenhawer, of the First Presbyterian Church, New York, gives us not what Protestants generally think, but what he thinks, about God. Dr. John A. Ryan, the only Catholic included, discusses the relation of Catholicism to democracy —and that mainly in the past.

Those who wish to learn the viewpoint of Professor Muzzey as to the damaging influence of religion on the writing of history, or of Reinhold Niebuhr on "Protestantism, Capitalism and Communism," or of Bishop McConnell on the Church and social progress—an excellent paper—will find the book interesting; but those who are looking for a broad view of the religious situation today will only waste their time by looking here.

Like all symposia, the papers vary in value. The English of Gaius Glenn Atkins, writing on "The World's Living Religions," is a delight to the tired reviewer. But the paper by John Haynes Holmes on "The Future of Religion" is extremely inadequate. Moreover, the editor did not do his work thoroughly enough to bring unity into the book. Religion is used in at least four different senses, among them that of John Haynes Holmes, a "passion of fellowship for all created things."

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

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Briefer Mention

Festivals and Songs of Ancient China, by Marcel Granet; translated by E. D. Edwards, New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.90.

PROFESSOR GRANET'S study of the "Shih Ching" poems has long been accepted as a standard treatise on Chinese origins, and we believe that Mr. Edward's careful translation will introduce the book to many, who, while not Orientalists in the strict sense, are interested in the culture of China. The author believes that neither the traditional symbolic interpretation nor the simple literary meaning reëxpressed in popular versions suffices to draw from these odes their true meaning. This, he holds, must be sought in their relation to ancient festivals, particularly those which have to do with courtship and marriage. From this point of departure he proceeds to a reconstruction of the festivals which is an engrossing and satisfying achievement. It may be added that poems so beautiful and curious as these merit the attention of all students of literature. The Chinese texts published in the French edition have been omitted.

All in the Day's Riding, by Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE REMINISCENCES of Will James, the celebrated cowboy artist, coupled with his excellent sketches, give one the inspiring beauty of those vast stretches of the cattle country, where machinery is not yet master. He brings before you the men of those far-flung plains and hills in their big hats, high heels and chaps, and he points out that these are not mere excessive styles, but very useful articles in times of need. His "Cowboy Calendar" is a collection of drawings depicting the various occupations of the cattlemen during the months of the year, and with little effort the reader can picture himself in the saddle with James and the boys riding out on the range for the daily rounds.

The Living Temple, by William H. Dunphy. Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Company $1.75.

THE EDITOR of the *Living Age* has written a book about the Church which contains many passages of value stated gracefully. But unfortunately a large part of the volume is devoted to an attempt to explain away the authority of the Papacy.

CONTRIBUTORS

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REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS is the author of "Christian Ethics."

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